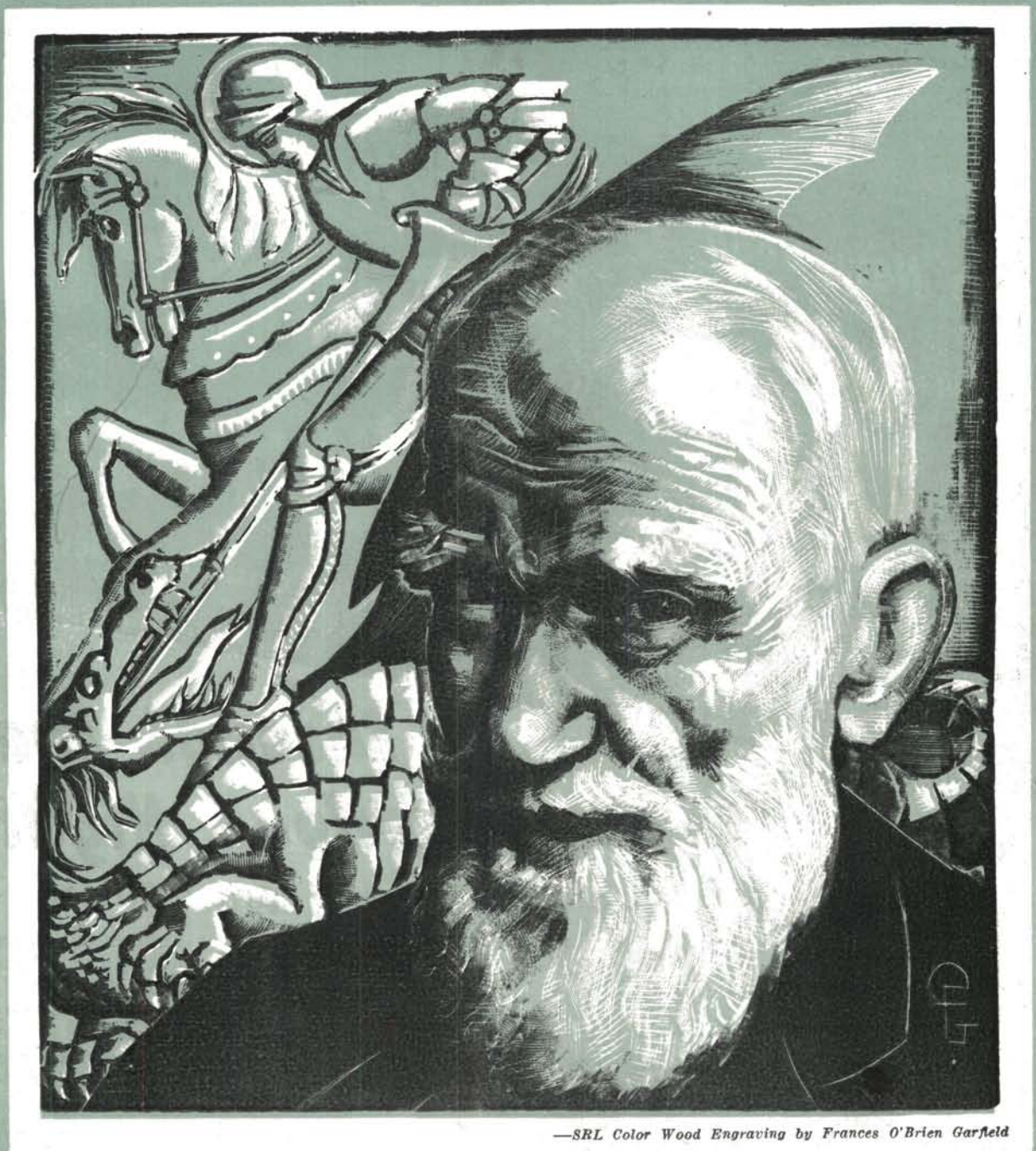
The Saturday Review of Literature

Ag 8 '44
TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

VOLUME XXVII No. 38 * NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1944 FIFTEEN CENTS



—SRL Color Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield

To G. B. S.

On His Eighty-Eighth Birthday

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Woodrow Wilson and the Lost Peace

By Thomas A. Bailey

This critical interpretation of the part played by the United States in making the Treaty of Versailles, with particular attention to Wilson, is not only a keen evaluation but also an absorbing story of one of the most significant and dramatic episodes in history. $3.00

RUSSIA and the Peace

By Bernard Pares

This is a shrewd and unbiased reply to what the public wants most to know about Russia. "Sir Bernard obviously knows what he is talking about . . . It leaves the reader with a feeling that he has at last penetrated the fog perpetrated on Russia by both her friends and her enemies."—*New York Herald Tribune*

$2.50

The New Book By G. B. STERN

Trumpet Voluntary

Reminiscences and Recollections

The theme of this engaging book is made clear by G. B. Stern herself: "... by the willow-herb rioting unsubdued among the London ruins . . . by the normality of an evening walk taken because a shaggy little white dog always expects it . . . by all the tiny instances and jewelled fragments shaken into the kaleidoscope of each amazing day, life mutinous and irrepressible, with urchin gesture and slangy repartee, life answers back." $2.75

The Gobi Desert

By Mildred Cable with Francesca French

"One of the great works of objective travel reporting in the English language." — *John Chamberlain, New York Times.* "Fascinating mosaic of a life which the mainstreams of modern history have hitherto passed by."—*Saturday Review* $3.50

Through the Perilous Night

By Joe James Custer

Here is the first inside story of the disastrous Battle of Savo Island, as Joe James Custer, United Press war correspondent, saw it aboard the shell-pocked, flaming ASTORIA. His graphic report of this engagement in the Solomons which resulted in the sinking of four United States cruisers and the Australian *Canberra* is a clear-cut, unsparing account of one of the fiercest sea battles of this war. $2.75

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK 11

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

G.B.S. BIRTHDAY ISSUE

Four Visits to Shaw PAGE

1. BACK TO METHUSELAH
By John Mason Brown 6
2. THE SINNER-SAINT AS HOST
By Lawrence Langner 10
3. G.B.S. IN THE LAST WAR
By Henry Seidel Canby 12
4. OH, SHAW!
(Trade Winds)
By Bennett Cerf 24

MEPHISTOPHELES AT THE CONVENTICLE
By Donald Smalley 13
WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT SHAW 16
THE "UNSOCIAL SOCIALIST"
By J. D. Thomas 17
MALICIOUS AFORETHOUGHTS 19
A MESSAGE FROM MR. SHAW 21
G.B.S.—A BIBLIOGRAPHY 28

Reviews

PRELUDE TO SILENCE. THE END OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC
By Arnold Brecht
Reviewed by Hans Kohn 32

THE HISTORY OF ROME HANKS
By Joseph Stanley Pennell
Reviewed by Harrison Smith 34

RUSSIA AND THE PEACE
By Sir Bernard Pares
Reviewed by Hans W. Weigert 37

THE THEORY OF ECONOMIC PROGRESS
By C. E. Ayres
Reviewed by Henry Hazlitt 38

FAR NORTH COUNTRY
By Thames Williamson
Reviewed by Ernest Gruening 39

ARGENTINA: PIVOT OF PAN-AMERICAN PEACE
By Henry Albert Phillips
Reviewed by Edward Larocque Tinker 39

Departments

EDITORIAL 20
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 26
LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 57 32
YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 36
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 40
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 41
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: NO. 539 43
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB 43

The Editors are grateful to Mr. Archibald Henderson, author of "Bernard Shaw: Playboy and Prophet," and to Appleton-Century, the publishers, for their generous permission to use the illustrations appearing on pages 6, 8, 9, 13, 15, 16, 18, 21 *and* 28 *of this issue.*

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men in U. S. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVII, No. 30, July 22, 1944. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Copyright, 1944, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL & HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

FINNEGANS WAKE is indeed a strange book, a compound of fable, symphony and nightmare—a challenge and a monstrous enigma to most readers. Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson in their KEY examine and lay bare the complex narrative, brilliantly demonstrating that Joyce's greatest work is not, as some have declared, a perverse triumph of the unintelligible. The SKELETON KEY discloses the majestic logic of FINNEGANS WAKE, its humor, its wise analysis of the meaning of the modern world.

This book is not only for scholars and special students of James Joyce. It will bring to a wider public a lively appreciation of Joyce's significance as perhaps the outstanding literary figure of the age.

A SKELETON KEY TO FINNEGANS WAKE

$3.50

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York 17

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How can the civilians win the peace when the soldiers have won the war?

WALTER Lippmann

in this brilliant, hard-hitting analysis, challenges us to recognize and fulfill our national destiny.

U. S. WAR AIMS

The United States is now at the center of the Western World. If we accept the responsibilities which result from this fact, we with our Allies can secure a long peace. Otherwise, Western civilization will become a disorganized fringe around the Soviet Union and the rising peoples of Asia.

A fighting book that will provoke even more commentary and controversy than U. S. FOREIGN POLICY.

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book • *$1.50*

WINSTON S. **Churchill** continues his great report of the history he is helping to make

ONWARDS to VICTORY

Britain's Prime Minister—whom the *New York Times* calls "a great reporter in a supreme observation post while the greatest story of all time is unfolding" — reviews in this volume of speeches, 1943—the great year when the tide turned.

"His war speeches will live as the very stuff of history." — *N. Y. Times.*

$3.50

A concise history of U. S. foreign policy since 1898 by a distinguished liberal historian

AMERICA and TWO WARS

by

DEXTER PERKINS

More than a history, it advances specific prophecies and suggestions as to the steps that will or should be followed to produce a lasting peace.

"... an instructive balance-sheet for Americans." — *N. Y. Times Book Review.* $2.00

The first story of China's guerrilla industries —the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives—and their fight to overwhelm the Japanese and to build a new civilization

About it the *N. Y. Times* says: *"lusty . . . honest . . . informative . . . terrifying, real people, lousy, sweaty . . . with that inner metal of which heroism is forged."* $2.50

I See a New China

By GEORGE HOGG

Published by the publishers of **SHARK'S FINS AND MILLET** by Ilona Ralf Sues

---

YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS

Justice Holmes and His Family

by Catherine Drinker Bowen

It is "a magnificent book about inspiring men" *(Los Angeles Times)* that "ranks with the finest biographies of our time." —*Boston Herald*

356,340 copies in print • $3.00

A Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

H. E. Bates

FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE

The novel of a British bomber crew forced down over occupied France, this is above all the tender love story of a young British pilot and a French girl.

365,500 copies in print • $2.50

A Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

James Norman Hall

LOST ISLAND

"A poignant and warmly written story . . . of war in Eden."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

380,500 copies in print • $2.00

A Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

Bruce Lancaster

TRUMPET TO ARMS

A novel of our first amphibious operations, our first citizens' army, our own Dunkirk. "A convincing, invigorating account of the early days of the American Revolution."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $2.75

These three novels are Atlantic Monthly Press Books

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Unconsidered Judgment

BY NOEL F. BUSCH

Noel Busch has held a season ticket to the international show, with rain checks and stopovers for everything from air marshals to Irish pubs.

In a world a-creep with post-war plans and diplomatic fidgets, his irreverent sanity has been turned loose. He has been to such key neutral territory as Argentina, Arabia and Ireland. He has gazed disconsolately at conjurers and kings and lost his laundry in Shepheard's Hotel. Unblindfolded and unimpeded, he has wandered from Cape Town to Cairo, from Baghdad to Dublin.

All this he has seen under the revealing pressures of world-wide war; and he has come back to America to tell us, with an incongruous detachment which is wholly refreshing, just what he saw.

Noel Busch is a senior editor of *Life Magazine* and author of its distinguished interviews with Eden, Smuts, Ibn Saud and others.

$2.00

Little Coquette

BY RENÉE DE FONTARCE McCORMICK

The Little Coquette spent her childhood in a world that we have lost. It was a world of fine wines and amorous intrigue, where love, sometimes a little weary, went on by every fountain and beyond every keyhole. It was a world without responsibility except to appearances, a world where the Coquette's mother would say, "Let us make as small a scandal as possible."

It lay in the French countryside in the chateaux of the provincial nobility; and it lives now only in the keen memory of one who knew it through the bright, watchful and unnoticed eyes of childhood. $2.75

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Back to Methuselah

A Visit to an Elderly Gentleman in a World of Arms and the Man

JOHN MASON BROWN

IT was in the nature of a pilgrimage. The April sky was cloudless over Hertford, and the English countryside all greens and blossoms and smiling proofs of life which mocked the approaching days of death.

Ayot St. Lawrence was our destination.

Does the name mean nothing to you? Does it ring no bells; no liberty bells such as Ferney would have rung anywhere for troubled people in the eighteenth century indebted to the dauntless independence of Voltaire's mind? Then you are no Shavian, and have not guessed the excitement and the curiosity in our hearts.

Surely as a reader you must have stumbled upon Ayot St. Lawrence. Although it is only an hour from London, reaching it in print can take a longer time. In the theatre, you bypass it. But in the library (certainly you remember it now) it has written "Finis" to the Grand Tour through many a Shavian preface.

Even nowadays, readers—or rereaders—are apt to come upon it breathless. Even nowadays they are apt to reach it with their prejudices more jostled than the veiled hats of early motorists. They arrive blinking from the relentless sanity of a mind admitting no hour except noon. After the jolts to which they have been subjected on the way, they tend to feel as if they had been reading "The Book of Revelations" on a roller coaster.

Behind us now were the terrifying night noises of the Baby Blitz, the bleak ink-filled hours of the black-outs, and a bruised London. The sunshine and fresh air we greeted as no more than proper symbols. Because on a free afternoon (another symbol), the three of us—Lt. Bundy,* and an Irrepressible Virginian, and I—were heading for a place which we could never imagine as having known a black-out inasmuch as Mr. Shaw was its First Citizen.

In wartime it is not only threatened cities which seek the security of a black-out. The human mind, in its play of reason—at least most reasons save the major one—goes into eclipse. It has to. It has no other choice. The need for military objective eliminates the luxury of objectivity. When the hurricane is howling through your house, any treatise on air currents is bound to seem an irrelevance, if not an impertinence. The passions of war number dispassion among the enemy.

Certain questions, simple enough in peacetime, cannot be asked even of one's self, and if asked, expect no answers. The color scale of thought dwindles into black and white. Indeed, the only easy feature of this long, difficult, and bloody struggle is that for most of us never has white been whiter or black blacker.

But what about Mr. Shaw? What about the Elderly Gentleman who has always seen red when the world sees black, and to whom nothing is either white or black? Would the supporting orthodoxies of our thinking be safe with him? To his high credit no orthodoxies ever have been. And what could one of the globe's few professional Wise Men say about a world forced hourly to demonstrate its lack of wisdom by destruction?

As intermixed meadows and suburbs slipped by, and the talk skimmed hummingbird-wise over many subjects, I could not help thinking back to the wars Mr. Shaw's mind has survived, and the warfare furiously waged by, and against, him during the last war.

God knows, thought I, his old eyes have looked out often enough upon a world which has expressed its sickness in battle. When he spoke at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1933, he confessed that our Civil War was his first memory. He was four when it began, and eight when he heard of Lincoln's assassination. He and wars have never got along. They could scarcely be expected to do so.

He was already red-bearded and well-known when the Boer War taxed British arms and patience. He was celebrated when he scandalized "right thinkers" by suggesting in "Arms and the Man" that chocolate is more necessary to the soldier than the gun he carries. He was world-famous and gray when during the last conflict he infuriated the English by dashing off his "Common Sense About the War."

—Reproduced from the drawing by E. T. Reed by permission of the proprietors of Punch.

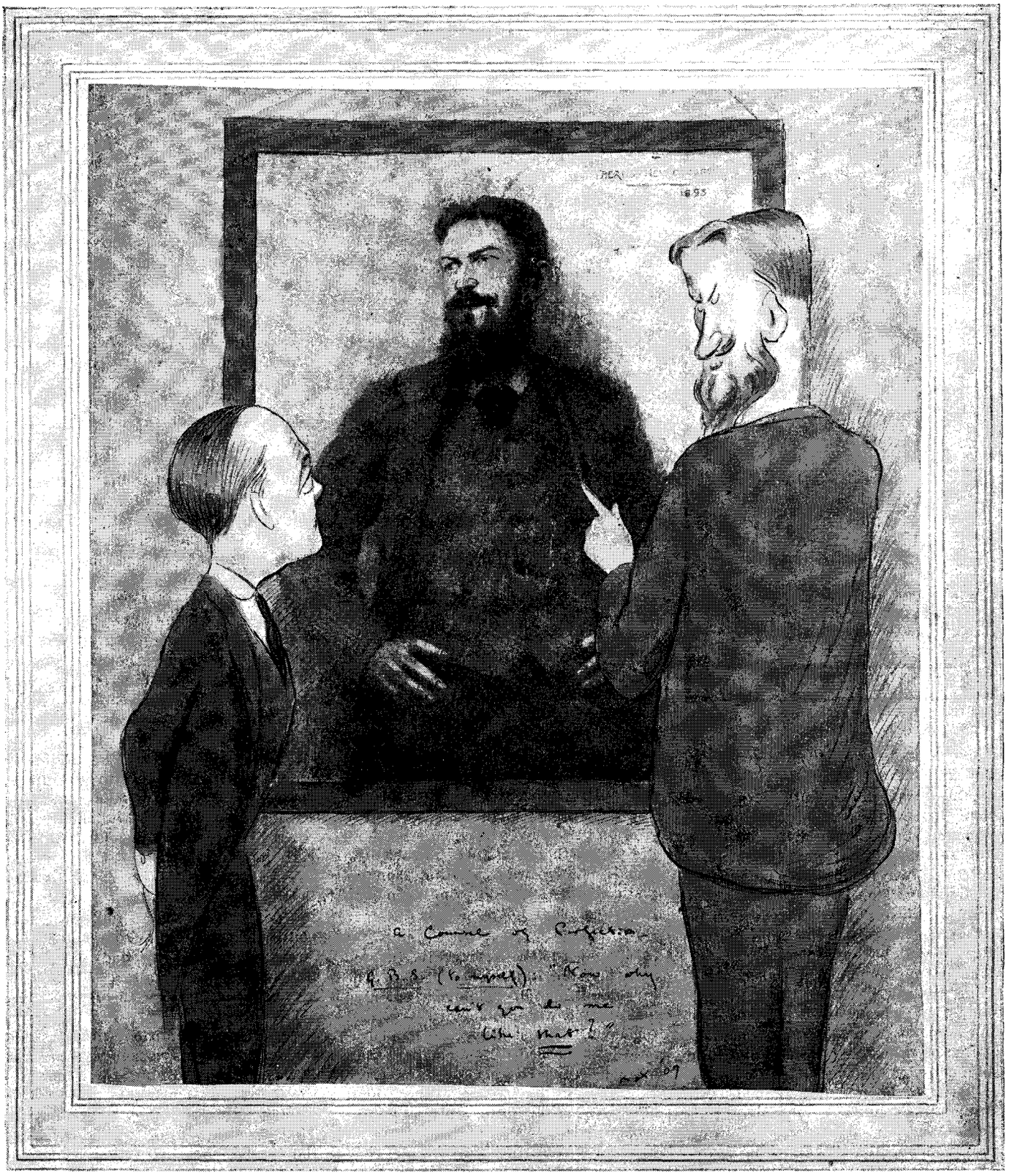
"John Bull's Other Playwright"—a new design for a statue in Leicester Square, after certain hints by G. B. S.

TO most men, including those incapable of it, pure reason is a peacetime privilege, eyed with suspicion even then. In wartime the moths fly away in horror from its flame. Who knows but that by so doing they prove themselves wiser than the wisest Wise Men. When desperate mortals, prepared to die for an idea however hazily understood, demand for that idea's safety that no neutrals exist among their neighbors, the impartial truth is more than most can tolerate. Especially when it is as paradoxically and humorously stated as if no tragic crisis existed.

The man who persists in thinking his own thoughts runs the sniper's risks when conventional patriots have surrendered theirs. "The Nag Sedition was your mother, and Perversity begot you; Mischief was your midwife and Misrule your nurse, and Unreason brought you up at her feet—no other ancestry and rearing had you—(you) freakish homunculus germinated outside of lawful procreation." Thus Mr. Shaw's old friend, Henry Arthur Jones.

*Lieutenant (now Captain) MacGeorge Bundy, U.S.A., military aide to Rear-Admiral Alan G. Kirk.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This montage, owned by Lieutenant John Mason Brown, USNR, incorporates a painting (1893) of Shaw by Bertha Newcombe and some surrounding scenery (1907) by Max Beerbohm. The message by G.B.S. in the lower center reads: "A Council of Perfection. G.B.S. (to myself): 'Now why can't you do me like *that*?'"

had fulminated against him during the last war. In his anger and his outrage Mr. Jones was not alone.

H. G. Wells had dubbed Shaw's behavior that of "an idiot child laughing in a hospital." Mr. Shaw's fellow playwrights had demanded his resignation from the Dramatists Club. W. J. Locke had refused to stay in the same room with him. Actors had declined to be photographed with him.

What had Mr. Shaw said? Very little for which he was not forgiven when peace found him resaying it in "Heartbreak House." Very little for which he was not praised when the years of disillusionment had settled upon the world. The daring independence of "What I Really Wrote About the War" was as applauded in 1932 as it was condemned and despised during the war years.

During a war soldiers, sailors, and marines are both expected and de-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—From the jacket of the book "Bernard Shaw; Playboy & Prophet," by Archibald Henderson.

manded to show physical courage. But in wartime, when salvation lies in the mass movements of massed men, the moral courage of a mind insisting upon its singularity naturally goes unappreciated. Mr. Shaw's intellect has always remained as undrafted as his body. The only certainty about him has always been that he will be different; the only predictable feature that he will be unpredictable.

"You may demand moral courage from me to any extent," he had once said, "but when you start shooting and knocking one another about, I claim the coward's privilege and take refuge under the bed. My life is too valuable to be machine-gunned." Although this may be a statement Falstaffian in its realism, and betraying more courage than most medal-wearers could muster, it could hardly be expected to be understood by the expendables who, by being machine-gunned, make it safe for the contrary-minded to think their contrary thoughts. Mr. Shaw had realized his courage. Being Mr. Shaw he had of course appreciated it. "I have been giving exhibitions of moral courage far surpassing anything achieved in the field," said he, "but so far I have not received the V.C.; in fact sarcastic suggestions that I should receive the iron one have not been lacking."

I could not help thinking of these Shavian skirmishes well-known to all readers of Shaw or Hesketh Pearson as in the midst of an even more awful and ruthless war we sped toward Ayot St. Lawrence.

Almost before I knew it, it came into sight. The country thereabouts is lovely and rolling; great trees and gentle risings in the fields. It could be days distant from London. Suburbia has somehow by-passed it. A little village with a charming inn, clean and, for a wonder, freshly painted. A Norman church in ruins. Another, and a later church. Some gates to large estates. Roads closely lined by hedges. Then a sudden turning, and an entrance leading to a brick house far back from the road and surrounded by undulant lawns. A stop because of the gate which has to be swung back by hand as if it had been encountered on a farm in Virginia or Kentucky. Thereafter the house.

As the three of us drove up a maid could be seen inside, becapped and deep in a newspaper. In a moment she was at the door, telling us in a whisper that Mr. Shaw had not yet finished his nap.

We were shown into the garden at the back of the house where the Irrepressible Virginian, as an old friend of Mr. Shaw's, proceeded uninvited to pick at random a generous armful of his flowers. The gardener, clipping his way from behind a hedge, surveyed the ravaged beds with proper bourgeois amazement.

"Don't worry," drawled the Virginian, with a gesture toward the house, "he's always writing communistic stuff. It's high time someone practised what he preaches."

THE words were freshly uttered when the Elderly Gentleman, who is seldom caught napping, emerged and started walking toward us across the lawn. At first glance he looked as pale as his beard and leaner than a soda straw. His neck was as erect as ever; his back, too, even though he swayed a bit uncertainly as he approached.

He was wearing gray "knickers," gray woolen socks (especially woven for the left and right feet according to the Virginian), a gray short coat, and a bulbous cap. When close enough for introductions, I could see how much he had aged since I had met him twelve years ago.

His beard was thinned, though even now gloriously prophetic and whiter than typewriter paper before being sullied by an author. Close to, his skin looked much as if the pink and blue periods of Picasso had been jointly transferred to alabaster. His eyes were at moments frosted by age. They could, however, clear cloudlessly into the most animated nursery blue. His voice remained an instrument, in register and as used, to which he would have had to give his full approval in the distant days when he was a music critic. The resonance of his speech was as extraordinary as the glory of his English—an English in which the Irish long ago became neutral. No one could create anywhere a finer figure of a prophet than time and G.B.S. have made of Mr. Shaw.

He led us around the garden, showing us the wood he saws. The cuts were feeble, as he freely confessed, pointing out that one soon grows tired of that sort of thing. Then he took us to his doll's house of a study down at the lawn's edge; that prefabricated one-room house which he turns by a crank so that the sun is always full upon him. It was jammed with papers, books, and a typewriter —tell-tale because uncovered.

He admitted he had just finished a book on "What's What in Politics" and (I dreaded to have him say it) was about to begin a new play.

By the time we had followed him back to the house, he had already lunged into sex, marriage, primogeniture, cattle, the English clergy, Norman architecture, and Victorian bad taste.

"Sit down, sit down," he exclaimed when we had come into the living room which was all windows and sunlight and shadowless, and highly polished furniture and books, "No special chairs here."

Then tea was served to us—delicious tea, beautifully served—while he took a glass of hot milk. The talk continued, wobbling from subject to subject much as he had swayed in his walking. As he talked he pinkened, gathering strength with his thoughts.

His talk?

"The Navy's a strange life," he said for no apparent reason, except that I was wearing Blues. "Men go into the Navy—at least they do in this country—thinking they will enjoy it. They do enjoy it for a year. At least the stupid ones do, riding back and forth quite dully on ships. The bright ones learn they don't like it in a half year. But there's always the thought of that pension, if only they stay in. So they do stay in. They stay in and are promoted as a matter of time, if not of course.

"Gradually they become crazy. Crazier and crazier. Only the Navy has no way of distinguishing between the sane and the insane. I know this because a friend of mine once took a ship across the Bay of Biscay. Even

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his crew knew he was mad when he crossed and recrossed the Bay five times without ever putting in. Then they threw him in the brig. Only about five per cent of the men in the Royal Navy have the sea in their veins. These are the ones who become captains. Thereafter they are segregated on their bridges. If they are not mad before this, they go mad then. And the maddest of these become Admirals. Tell your Admiral this."

WITH the speed, and often with the brilliance with which he hedgehops from subject to subject in the subdivisions of his prefaces, the Elderly Gentleman held forth. On Lunarchevsky. On Mrs. Shaw's will. On his disappointment in the man known to the world as Uncle Jo. On his visits to the front in the last war. On General Haig. On Mrs. Patrick Campbell. On Hesketh Pearson. On Mr. Shaw—"the historic Shaw, the man of my middle years, the Shaw the world will remember," as he put it. On the movie of "Caesar and Cleopatra." And as casually as you mention a friend seen last week, on Stanley, the Stanley of Mr. Livingstone, I presume. "I remember Stanley telling me that only five per cent of the men under him were ever equipped to take over his command, if he had to delegate authority. That's how rare real leadership always is."

"My actuarial expectancy," said the Elderly Gentleman, sipping his hot milk, and smiling as wholeheartedly as at the best of jokes, "is three days. As a matter of fact I may die while you are sitting here. Death has no terrors for me."

But what about the war which for the tranquil moment in the midst of such good, civilized talk was as lulled as if by an armistice? What about this war, in reality so near, and the next one, God willing, so far away.

"If they are not careful at the peace conference," the Sage of Ayot St. Lawrence was saying, "there will be another war in ten or twenty years. The best guarantee of future peace is that war is no longer anything but economically ruinous. Once upon a time it used to pay. This made men unable to resist it.

"You would conquer a town, and having conquered it, you had it to take as plunder. A Wallenstein or a Marlborough would enter with his army, granting his soldiers two days' leave for rape and pillage. Even then, when order was reëstablished, there was the town itself as a plum for the conqueror. But nowadays what happens? We conquer not to take but to destroy. All this bombing of Berlin would justify itself, if after it we still had a Berlin to take, as it deserves to be taken. But we don't. Instead we destroy what we might have used. And have to destroy it in order to survive."

"But is there no way in the future. . . ?"

"There would be no wars if only men read my books. And took them to heart." Then he smiled again, as gaily as is he were discussing the possible nearness of his own death. "That's silly of me, really silly. I ought to know better. I have only to remember Patch." (Miss Patch is his famous secretary, the spinster who for the past twenty years has tried to run his working life.) "Patch has typed all my stuff for me these many years. And what I have written has never had any effect upon her at all. She is bored with me and my work, and abhors my ideas. You can tell she does not understand them by the mistakes she makes in transcribing them."

By the visit's end, the Elderly Gentleman, so frail and mortal behind his prophet's beard, seemed tired. Slowly and unsteadily, though erect as an exclamation point, he had preceded us to the gate. As he stood there in the road while we drove off, with the breeze ballooning his cap, with the sun hallowing his beard, and an arm upraised, the saintly old satan, or, more accurately, the satanic old saint looked more alone than any man I have ever seen. He was as alone as only old age and such a mind as his can make a man.

In the preface to "Heartbreak House" he had written, "Only those who have lived through a first-rate war, not in the field, but at home, and kept their heads, can possibly understand the bitterness of Shakespeare and Swift, who both went through this experience."

We left him standing there by the green hedges of an England once again at war. We left him standing there, once again surrounded by a world of death and destruction. It was a world which must have made him feel as if, all these decades during which he has preached, his millions of words have been heard only by the deaf. It was a world beset with more ills than any single mind—even his with its all-embracing inconsistencies—could hope to suggest remedies for. It was a tragic world, which tragically for him and us, had passed beyond him.

In the lengthening distance he looked as if he were a revivalist about to address a meeting.

"I must preach and preach and preach," had said the character in "Too True To Be Good," "no matter how late the hour and how short the

—From the jacket of the book "Bernard Shaw: Playboy & Prophet," by Archibald Henderson.

day, no matter whether I have nothing to say."

Although there was only sunlight in the fields, one suspected that in such a world Mr. Shaw must have felt himself enveloped by a fog; the same kind of fog that enveloped the preacher in "Too True To Be Good."

"There is left only fog," runs the stage direction there; "impenetrable fog, but the incorrigible preacher will not be denied his peroration, which, could we only hear it distinctly, would probably run:

> I must preach and preach and preach . . . no matter whether I have nothing to say, or whether in some pentecostal flame of revelation the Spirit will descend upon me and inspire me with a message the sound of which shall go out unto all lands and realize for us at last the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Like everyone else, we were too far away. We could not hear him.

This article forms part of a book by Lt. Brown on the Invasion and its background which Whittlesey House will publish this fall under the title, "Many a Watchful Night." Lt. Brown is on the staff of Rear-Admiral Alan G. Kirk, U.S.N., commander of the U. S. Naval Task Forces off Normandy, and was with him on the flagship Augusta *and in France.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sinner-Saint as Host

Diary of a Visit to G. B. S. at Stresa

LAWRENCE LANGNER

IN the summer of 1927, my wife and I decided to take a trip through Northern Italy. I dropped a line to G.B.S. telling him we would be at Milan and would like to see him and Mrs. Shaw, and I asked, as usual, whether he had a new play ready. Shaw replied, as usual, on a picture postcard:

> I am not writing a play, the great book on Socialism not being yet finally disposed of. However, here we are; and here we are likely to be three weeks hence; so by all means run over to see us when you come to Milan: it is within easy distance; and we are always glad to see you and Mrs. Langner.

About the middle of August we arrived at Stresa on Lake Maggiore and put up at Shaw's hotel, the Regina Palace, an ornate, buff-colored, barracks-like structure overlooking the lake. G.B.S. had reserved our room for us, and greeted us on arrival.

"You must stay here for a few days," he said, and added, "but Americans are not very welcome here, on account of the Sacco-Vanzetti case." The populace was in a state of tremendous tension over whether Sacco and Vanzetti would receive the death penalty. Perhaps this was because they were inured to injustice in their own country but could not bear to believe that the same thing could happen in a democracy.

After settling comfortably in our room for the night, we were awakened at what seemed to be an unearthly hour by a loud knocking at our door.

"Come along, wake up!" cried Shaw from outside. "It's seven o'clock, and if you want to come swimming with me, you'll have to hurry up! See you at breakfast!"

"Do you want to get up this early?" I remarked drowsily to Armina.

"Of course," she cried, leaping from her bed like a gazelle. "How often will you have an opportunity of swimming with G.B.S.?"

I was stumped. First of all, I didn't swim very well—about fifty strokes, and I am winded. Secondly, it was blowing quite hard the night before, and I was sure the lake would be full of waves, which have an irritating habit of getting into my eyes, ears, and mouth and annoying me.

"Up you get," she cried, "you can't keep Shaw waiting for you!"

So I got up, protesting mildly, and down we went for breakfast. G.B.S. was waiting for us. It was his custom each morning to cross the lake in a motor boat, then moor this boat off the estate of Albert Coates, the conductor, swim for the shore, and end up with a sunbath on a grassy meadow which sloped down to the beach. We boarded the motor boat dressed in our bathing suits, crossed over towards the other side of the lake, and at what seemed to me to be an enormous distance from the shore, G.B.S. dived in off the side of the boat. As his head and shoulders emerged from the lake and he shook the water out of his white hair and beard, the sun caught his pink cheeks and blue eyes, and he looked for all the world like Father Neptune emerging from the waves.

"Come on in, it's fine!" he shouted.

Armina, like most California-bred girls, was somewhat of a mermaid, and in she dove, showing off with a very effective scissors-stroke. I cautiously lowered myself down the side of the boat, looking nervously at the shore which seemed to be miles away. I suppose the motor boat will keep moving slowly behind us, I thought, throwing discretion to the winds and timidly striking out in the direction of Father Neptune and the Mermaid. I kept going for a while, as the waves waved wildly, and the other swimmers swam rapidly ahead of me towards the shore. I looked back to reassure myself that the motor boat was following me. It was not. The Italian boatman had stopped his engine and was settling down to a comfortable siesta. I was torn between the choice of drowning or calling for help. I called for help. The motor boat started up, G.B.S. and Armina swam back, and between the three of them I was heaved out of the water and ignominiously ferried to the shore. Some years later, when recounting this incident, G.B.S. remarked that it was the greatest compliment ever paid him.

"Lawrence Langner," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "followed me to such an extent that, when I jumped into Lake Maggiore, he jumped in after me without being able to swim a stroke, evidently thinking that my mere presence would save him from drowning."

Arrived at Villa Intragnola, the estate of Albert Coates, G.B.S. disappeared behind some convenient bushes and returned a few moments later wearing what seemed to be an old pair of white underdrawers. By this time a young lady had appeared on the scene. She was Sylvia Ray, Mr. Coates's secretary, and she was in the habit of joining G.B.S. for his morning sunbaths.

—*Lawrence Langner*

"As they approached the camera, G.B.S. suddenly embraced Mrs. Shaw. . . ."

NOT unnaturally, since the aging philosopher was in a state of next-to-nudity, the question of modesty came up for discussion, since the Pope had recently forbidden all Italian women to enter churches in dresses without sleeves and skirts which did not cover the ankles.

"What on earth do priests know about morality!" Shaw asked impatiently. "The trouble with these men who try to adjudicate upon what is moral or immoral is that they really know nothing about the subject. Any man who attempts to decide that one style of clothing is seductive while another style of clothing is not, must know something about the art of being seductive, and priests who rail about the theme of women's costumes are obviously the very last persons to be in a position to express an opinion on the subject. I remember in my young days when women dressed in accordance with the dictates of the clergy, they were literally swathed in clothing so that they resembled feather mattresses more than anything else, and I may add the women who wore these clothes looked considerably more seductive than the half-clad girls of today. There are really only two competent judges of what is seductive in women's clothing, and they are the women who make it their business to be seductive because they study it, and playwrights like myself, because it is our business

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to *know* what women must wear in order to be seductive."

He thought the clergy, and playwrights too, might turn their attention from women's clothes to an abuse of marriage which he noticed had been growing recently:

"That is, the selling of husbands by their wives to wealthy women who, in return for the husbands, paid handsome sums by way of damages for alienation of affection. This new trade in husbands is gaining considerable headway."

He showed a good deal of interest in Eugene O'Neill. "Tell me all about him," he said. I did my best. "Is there any truth in the story that he drinks?" "That may have been true once," I said, "but he hasn't touched a drop for years." "Too bad," was the rejoinder, "he'll probably never write another good play again."

One morning I asked him if it was true that, on hearing of the death of Arnold Daly, he had remarked, "Death by spontaneous combustion is rare, but it sometimes occurs." This story had appeared on the front pages of the New York newspapers, a day or so after the tragic death by burning of this magnificent actor who had done so much to introduce Shaw's early plays to America. "In my opinion," I said, "you couldn't possibly have made such a cruel remark, so I've denied it." "You mustn't do that," he replied, "I actually did say it, and for a good reason. Arnold's death wasn't attracting much attention until I made this remark, intentionally, to bring the story into the headlines. Arnold loved publicity and, had he been alive, he would have thanked me for putting him on the front pages."

I thought of his remark about Ervine's leg. It was not callousness which motivated him, but a complete lack of sentimentality. His daily life in Stresa while we were there was living evidence of his very real kindness.

"Every afternoon," he said, "I go to Prince Troubetskoy's studio to sit for a statue of myself. It's very tiring but I have to do it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "the Prince's wife died last spring, and he was very upset over her loss, so in order to get his mind off his troubles, I decided to commission him to make a statue of me, not that the statue isn't very good," he added.

Later on we met Prince Paul Troubetskoy, a tall, distinguished Russian who seemed very sad and serious. He was an old friend of Shaw's, and had done a very fine head of him some twenty years earlier. The Prince dined with the Shaws and ourselves at the hotel. He was an ardent vegetarian, and joined Shaw in his choice of soup and greens.

"If you are guest of my house," he said solemnly at dinner, in rounded Russian accents, "and you wish to eat lamb chops, I give you big knife and take you into garden and show you little lamb, and you can assassinate him!"

AS I had no desire to assassinate a little lamb with a big knife, I was not a guest in his house. Still I felt I should defend my taste in lamb chops, so I ventured to remark that, but for our habit of eating lambs, they would probably have no existence whatever, and I instanced the fact that up to the time of their deaths domestic animals were fed, cared for, and relieved of all anxiety by their owners, who even supplied them with mates in order that succeeding generations of lamb chops might be perpetuated.

"I violently object," said Shaw, "to being a procurer for domestic animals. But," he added, "unlike the Prince, I don't advocate vegetarianism for anyone but myself. You see, I'm really a sort of Saint!"

"I tried vegetarianism, but had to give it up a long time ago," said Mrs. Shaw quietly to Armina. And then she whispered, "It's very bad for the teeth." I glanced sidewise in the direction of Mr. Shaw's teeth, but saw no evidence of any disastrous results. "Can anything about G.B.S. be false?" I asked myself, but I feared to carry the inquiry any further.

Prince Troubetskoy invited us to his studio, not to partake of lamb chops, but to see the statue for which G.B.S. was posing, and one fine afternoon we accompanied him and Mrs. Shaw down the lake on a small steamboat to the little village where the Prince made his home. I brought my 16mm. movie camera along with me, and had a field day taking pictures of G.B.S. posing for his statue. Then I asked him and Mrs. Shaw to allow me to take a picture of them walking together, and they both kindly obliged. As they approached the camera, G.B.S. suddenly embraced Mrs. Shaw and kissed her. Mrs. Shaw, taken by surprise, remarked, "What on earth did you do that for?" "Don't you know that every movie ends up in a clinch?" was the reply. And thus I came into possession of the only picture extant of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw kissing!

We took our departure soon after, but before leaving I asked G.B.S. whether I could not obtain a duplicate of the early Troubetskoy bust to place in the lobby of the Guild Theatre.

"I have two already," was the reply, "but there's no sense in my giving you one, because in a year or so, if you go on producing my plays, you'll be bankrupt and the Guild Theatre will fall into the hands of the Shuberts. My bust will be the chief asset of the Guild, and will be sold at public auction." However, Mrs. Shaw said she thought something might be arranged.

A month or so later I heard from Mrs. Shaw in reply to a suggestion that we might consider purchasing the bust:

It was a great pleasure to get

—*Lawrence Langner*

G.B.S. sitting for Prince Troubetskoy: "It's very tiring, but I have to do it. . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your letter. We have spoken of you both often lately and hoped we should get news for you said you would write when you got home.

Also I am most grateful to Mrs. Langner for the little book. I have not yet studied it, but I shall, I will write to her and tell her what I make of it.

. . . Now about the bust. You speak of purchasing—but, you know, at Stresa we had an idea of letting you have one of the two we had here! Of course, if there is any probability of the Theatre Guild *buying* it would not be right for us to come between Prince Troubetskoy and a sale! If that was to come about you would have to write to him and ask him his price (Prince Paul Troubetskoy, Villa Cabranca, Suna, Lago Maggiore, Italy). But the other idea is this: G.B.S. does not want to give the bust unconditionally to the Theatre Guild. He says (ironically) "you never know what will happen in the theatre—they may come to grips or . . . something may happen." I tell you what he suggests. He might lend the bust to *you*, and give you a free hand to do what you like with it; show it whom you like, or make what arrangements you think best: with the private arrangement between you and him that you put it up in the theatre as long as the theatre is in a satisfactory state. If it should ever happen that you wished to withdraw it from there—then you could arrange with us as to its future disposition: but you could have full power to withdraw it at any time, on your own private judgment.

I think we told you that the bust of G.B.S. as an old man has been accepted by the Tate Gallery and is now there—so it is the bust of the *young* man (the one that was in the far corner of the studio) that I am writing about.

We are looking forward greatly to getting the films—I will write about them later.

Much interested about "Doctor's Dilemma."

Best remembrances to you both.

Arrived in New York in the summer of 1928, the bust of Shaw has remained in its place of honor in the lobby of the Guild Theatre ever since.

In November of that year, I wrote G.B.S.:

> Your statue looks very well, indeed, in the Guild lobby. Unfortunately, however, a vendor of cigarettes has placed his stand underneath it so that you look for all the world like the patron saint of nicotine. I think we shall have to hang a card around the neck of the statue bearing the words, "Mr. Shaw does not recommend these cigarettes."

Lawrence Langner is one of the co-administrators of the Theatre Guild and was one of its founders. The Theatre Guild has been the American Theatre of George Bernard Shaw since it gave the world premiere of "Heartbreak House" on November 10, 1920, at the old Garrick Theatre. The Guild subsequently gave world premieres of "Back to Methuselah" and "Saint Joan"; it also produced later twelve other Shaw plays.

G. B. S. in the Last War

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

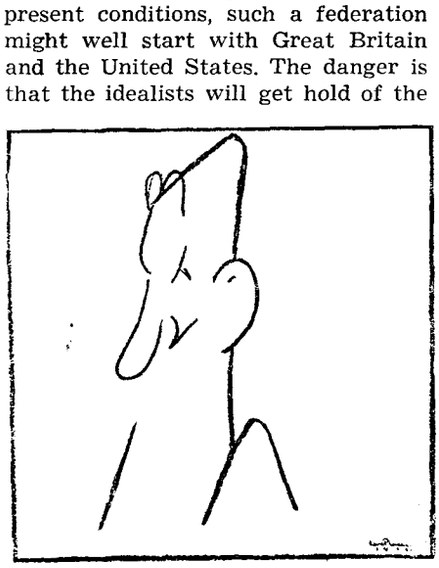
JULY 5, 1918—at noon to G. B. Shaw's apartment at 10 Adelphi Terrace—a large front room over the river, full of bric-a-brac, much of it interesting. On the wall a sampler with the couplet: (!)

Let me be kind to all I pray,
Let me not the faults of other say.

Shaw is an elderly man now—tall, vigorous, but his outstarting beard white and his skin old. A handsome man, very dignified, though active in his motions as he throws himself back and forward in his chair.

I begin on America and England. But what will become of the British Empire, he asks? Is England to be swallowed up in your democracy, turned over like Colorado to Rockefeller? England is still Tory. Lloyd George is a democrat but over-influenced. Nobody dares upset him because no one dares take his place. Milner and Curzon overawe him. Lord Milner is a dangerous man because he works hard and is stupid. See how he told old Kruger that England meant only kindness and so started the boiling over of the Boer War. Woodrow Wilson is the only great statesman. The Liberals here can't get power.

As for the Federation of Nations, what is needed is psychological homogeneity. One can get that among French, British, Germans, and Americans. Their marriages are not regarded as miscegenation. Other groups may be allowed to form, but the bulk of Europe would soon come into this one and it would be too powerful to be attacked. He agrees that, under present conditions, such a federation might well start with Great Britain and the United States. The danger is that the idealists will get hold of the movement and try to do it all in one bite.



—From the drawing by Lovett Fraser
"G.B.S. in Extremis."

There is a lamentable lack of economic knowledge in England and America—note the debates on a capital levy, which show a lack of knowledge as to what capital is.

Japan puzzles him, but he thinks a German alliance is not improbable.

He tells me of a Jap who talked with him as I was talking, wrote it down for publication, got half, and failed utterly even to comprehend the rest. . . .

THE talk shifts to Ireland, and I note his slight but perceptible accent. He wanted to go to the Convention [which endeavored to form an autonomous government for Ireland and failed], but the English Government would not let him. Sir Horace Plunkett wanted him. Plunkett is one of the few clear-headed and thoroughly honest men in British politics. Federation is the only cure for the Anglo-Irish problem, by means of which England and Ireland could be put upon the same basis. If the Irish want independence, they must be willing to go through long miseries for it. . .

The present British Government policy toward Ireland seems to him like the policy of 1798—it looks provocative. [It proved to be so.]

He agreed with my idea that the Americans' naive belief in their power to change international conditions, was a factor to be reckoned with, but he is evidently a little suspicious of America, especially commercial America.

My strongest impression of the man is of a keen political and economic thinker. *Not* of a literary man, and not of a wit, though he is a brilliant talker. He used no inversions, exploded no perversities, said nothing that Graham Wallas [the economist] might not have said, though more incisively and more rapidly. The conviction that his literary acrobatics are designed was inevitable. A. E. Russell, when I talked with him in Ireland, was all literary man in his politics; but Shaw might be an insurance president with eyes and a (special) brain. I note also that he enjoyed much more talking destructive criticism, than making or echoing suggestions, or speaking of the future.

How curiously different men look from their pictures. This man seems candid, confident, a fact lover. The sleepy, sardonic eye of his portraits, I do not see.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mephistopheles at the Conventicle

G. B. S. Amid the Brownings

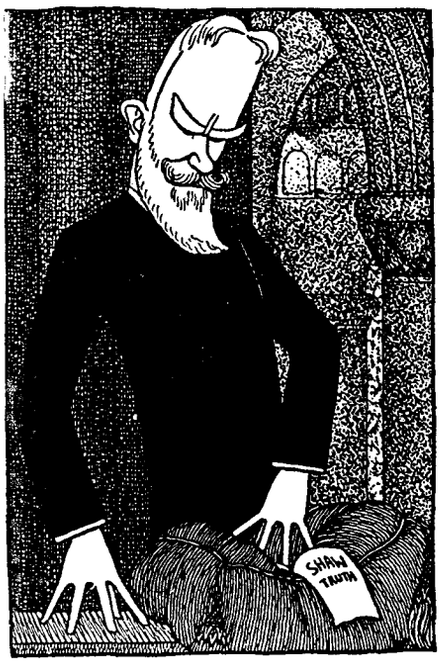
DONALD SMALLEY

WHEN Shaw first appeared at its meetings in 1883, the London Browning Society was only two years old and he was twenty-seven. Though still serving a threadbare apprenticeship to writing, Shaw had already developed orange whiskers, a contradictory temperament, and positive convictions on literature, music, art, vegetarianism, Jaegerism, atheism, and the value of his own opinions.

Finding Shaw amid the Brownings may seem at first like finding Mephistopheles at a meeting of the Christian Evidence Society. Shaw has himself encouraged this perspective. The Browning Society, he once wrote Archibald Henderson, was "a conventicle where pious ladies disputed about religion with Furnival, and Gonner and I egged them on." But this was Shaw's view a decade and a half after he had attended his last meeting. Though pious ladies were present from the beginning, they did not dominate the discussions in the early years. Nor did the atmosphere of the sessions call for white pews and hymnals. Even before Shaw became a member, the Society enjoyed a sort of Lucifer in C. K. Gonner, later a noted Professor of Economic Science at University College, Liverpool. Gonner fulminated against discussions of theology and digressions into sanctimoniousness with heavier downright voltage than Shaw's and none of his amusing pyrotechnics. Instead of expelling Shaw from its meetings for irreverence, the Society gave him a ready hearing and eventually appointed him to the Executive Committee. Neither the staunchest evangelicals nor the most fanatical worshipers of Browning could approve of much that he had to say, but if there was always in attendance a representation from Mount Zion Chapel or near it, there were also persons like Augustine Birrell, W. A. Raleigh, James Morison, Moncure Conway, C. H. Herford, James Lecky, and Arthur Symons. If Mrs. Turnbull read a paper, so did Eleanor, daughter of Karl Marx. The presence of a number of kindred minds probably attracted Shaw to the meetings as much as the pleasure of egging on Dr. Furnivall's feminine coterie.

During his six years of membership, Shaw spoke at nearly half the meetings. His contributions were a strange mixture of effrontery, personal history, common sense, wit, and penetrating criticism. This much is clear from the second-hand version of them that appears in the Browning Society *Abstracts*. W. G. Kingsland, who was responsible for reports of the discussions, had to recreate the originals from longhand notes and memory, but he had an ear for phrasing and a sense of humor.

It was in sheep's clothing as a mild champion of Browning's music and



—Reproduced from the drawing by Quiz with the permission of the publishers of "Lacon's Lectures to Living Authors."

"Shaw the Sermonizer."

clarity that Shaw, on November 23, 1883, first addressed the Society.

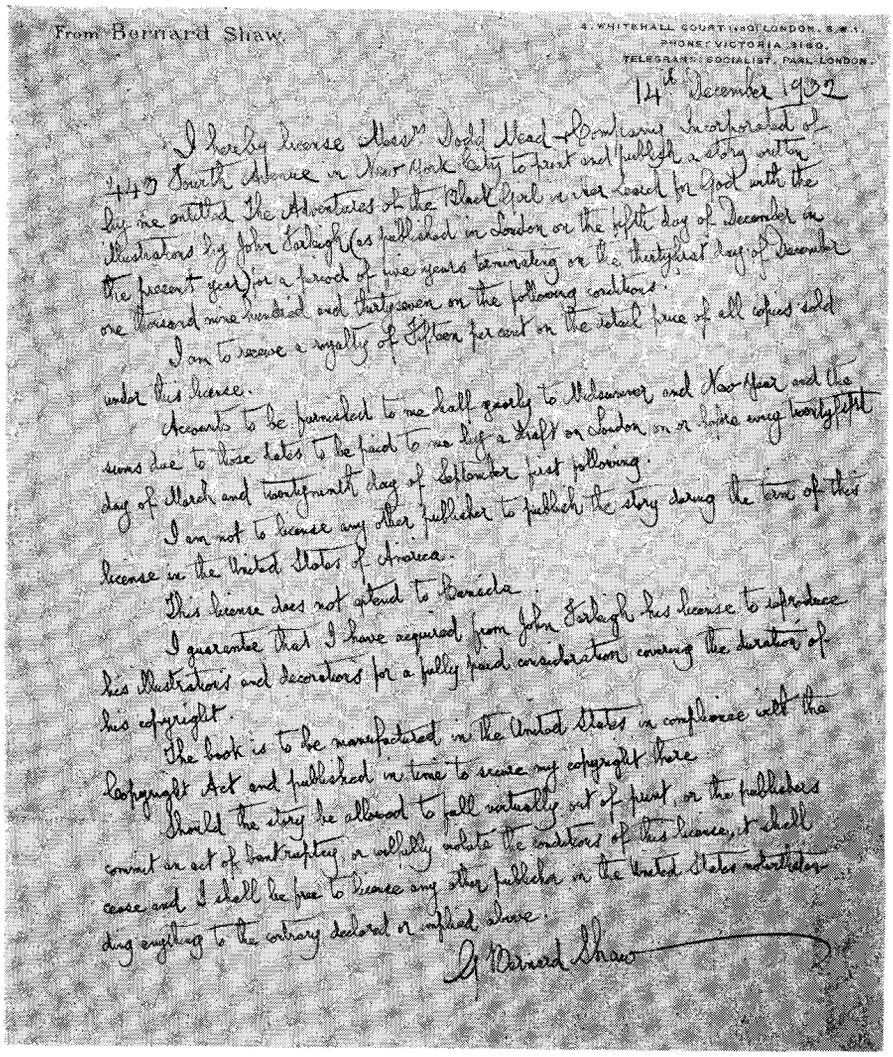
> Mr. Shaw rather objected to Mr. Furnivall's remark as to the French being a nation so little likely to appreciate Browning. He thought the writings of Browning would commend themselves to any nation, and would make the same impression abroad that they did at home. He thought he (Mr. Shaw) possessed a musical ear; and therefore he was well qualified to judge as to Mr. Browning—and he was perfectly satisfied as to his poems being musical. Some one had remarked that you could not understand a fact unless you already know it—and so you must have the capacity to understand Browning before you can enjoy him. Now, Browning doesn't run after the public; he has magnificent ideas, and the testimony of his senses carries further than others can go. So the public must come to him, and it is not for him to level himself down to the public. He thought that Mary Wollstonecraft had not received justice at Browning's hands—she was a woman who always wanted to lean upon, and be petted by, some one.

Except for the last sentence, the morsel of self-advertisement, and the Fletcherized quotation, this maiden speech might have been contributed by the author of the "Browning Encyclopedia." By rapid stages, however, Shaw became less polite and more Shavian. Two months later he announced that a paper on "Paracelsus" had "terrified" him with its elaborate show of analysis and erudition. He startled members who were used to approaching the poem as a chief fount of Browning's wisdom by insisting that it was remarkable for its music but not for its philosophy. He noted that Paracelsus was said to aspire and attain. "Now whatever he aspired to, he seemed to attain *nothing*." At the next monthly meeting after a particularly vapid round of comments, Shaw proposed that the members leave off discussing and go home to read their Browning.

THIS proposal could not have endeared Shaw to many of those present. If there was one achievement upon which the Browning Society prided itself, it was a knowledge of the text. It speaks well for the magnanimity of the members that Shaw's contribution two meetings later was accorded "great laughter" and applause. Doubly so, since Shaw's words were anything but complimentary to Browning.

> I have a very few words to say on this subject, and they shall not be connected with Agnosticism or natural theology in any way. I wish to speak of the different treatments of the character of Caliban by Shakespeare and Browning. Shakespeare, being a dramatic poet, has never labelled any work of his dramatic; Browning, being essentially undramatic, has called this "Caliban" poem a dramatic monologue. . . . Browning makes Caliban minutely describe his own feelings and analyze his own thoughts. A creature in the brutish condition of Caliban would not be able to do anything of the sort; and here you have an initial absurdity—an essentially undramatic condition, which shows you at once that what you are reading is no dramatic monologue at all. Shakespeare's method is very simple. His Caliban does not reason about God; but he is terrified by a thunderstorm. A man comes in with a bottle of whisky—at least with a liquor which had the effect usually produced by whisky—and gives some to Caliban, who immediately falls down and worships him as a god. Subsequently, finding that the man is a fool, he is disgusted with himself for worshipping him; there you have Caliban's character and his theology put before you in a very

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From Bernard Shaw.

4 WHITEHALL COURT (1ST FLOOR) LONDON, S.W.1.
PHONE: VICTORIA 3180.
TELEGRAMS: SOCIALIST, PARL, LONDON.

14th December 1892

I hereby license Messrs Dodd Mead & Company Incorporated of 449 Fourth Avenue in New York City to print and publish a story written by me entitled The Adventures of the Black Girl in her Search for God with the Illustrations by John Farleigh (as published in London on the fifth day of December in the present year) for a period of five years terminating on the thirty-first day of December one thousand nine hundred and thirteen on the following conditions.

I am to receive a royalty of fifteen per cent on the retail price of all copies sold under this license.

Accounts to be furnished to me half yearly to Midsummer and New Year and the sums due to those dates to be paid to me by a draft on London on or before every twenty-first day of March and twenty-ninth day of September just following.

I am not to license any other publisher to publish the story during the term of this license in the United States of America.

This license does not extend to Canada.

I guarantee that I have acquired from John Farleigh his license to introduce his illustrations and decorations for a fully paid consideration covering the duration of his copyright.

The book is to be manufactured in the United States in compliance with the Copyright Act and published in time to secure my copyright there.

Should the story be allowed to fall naturally out of print, or the publishers commit an act of bankruptcy, or wilfully violate the conditions of this license, it shall cease and I shall be free to license any other publisher in the United States notwithstanding anything to the contrary declared or implied above.

G Bernard Shaw

—Courtesy, Dodd Mead & Co.

Photograph of a provisional contract, written by Shaw for the publication of "The Black Girl" and illustrating his remarkable precision and clarity in business relations with his publisher.

natural way. . . . Browning's Caliban is a savage, with the introspective powers of a Hamlet, and the theology of an evangelical Churchman. I must confess that I cannot conceive an evangelical Churchman possessing the introspective powers of a Hamlet. (Great laughter.) Although this character of Caliban is very interesting, and is, in fact, one of my Browning favorites, I am compelled to say that it is unnatural, impossible, and radically undramatic. (Applause.)

A Mr. Barnett Smith arose at the conclusion of his speech to express hope that the gentleman who had just spoken would "live to revise his opinion as to what is, and what is not, dramatic poetry."

By his second year of membership, Shaw had apparently become accepted as devil's advocate in the Society. He was forced to repeat that "Mr. Sludge, 'The Medium,'" was his favorite Browning poem because his audience seemed to consider even that remark facetious. He combined the playboy and the prophet in magisterial pronouncements based upon delightfully obvious premises. His discussion of Dr. Berdoe's paper on "Browning as a Scientific Poet" is a notable instance.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw remarked that though he had hitherto regarded himself as an arrant sciolist in scientific matters, he had picked up in the course of his general reading all the knowledge of the undulatory theory of light, the phenomena of double refraction, &c., which Dr. Berdoe had praised Browning so highly for possessing. He believed with Dr. Berdoe that a great poet must be a man of science—a man that *knows;* yet the power that differentiates the great poet from the mere man of science—the power of writing verse—was absolutely independent of a general knowledge of physics. Such a line as

"The stream is running up the hill,"

was unquestionably quite as musical as

"The stream is running down the hill,"

but Science insists that the stream is running down the hill; and our intellect declines to be satisfied with any statement, however exquisitely attuned, to the effect that the stream is running up the hill. All written sentences should satisfy the intellect; and those of a poet should delight the senses; but that obligation does not absolve the poet from the primary obligation to satisfy the intellect. The difficulty of poetry consists in the number and complexity of the conditions which the poet has to fulfill. Many of these conditions are no easier to the poet than to any other man: some of them are absolutely repugnant to him more than to any other man. Yet mastery of these extrapoetic conditions makes the difference between a great poet and a little one.

As the meetings went on, Shaw's Mephistophelian attributes—his "cynical view" as one member labeled it—became more and more marked. He denied that Browning had any "unique excellence of depicting the soul" and gave Mr. Nettleship a poser. "What was the soul in this sense? . . . Could Mr. Nettleship, in short, define his term?" But boredom rather than malevolence impelled Shaw. He "feared Mr. Outram had been only too successful in pointing out that Valence was already in love with Colombe when he took up the cause of his afflicted townsmen." Objecting to Mr. Hamilton Piffard's acting of the Younger Vane in the Society's performance of "Strafford," Shaw "said he had had considerable experience of Socialist and other meetings of a similar nature, and very rarely did any of the speakers *rant.*" Fabianism was claiming its own.

At the same time, conventiclers in the Society were growing increasingly voluble. By 1888 the monthly assemblage was becoming a spot where piety accumulated and wit decayed. Women like Miss Whitehead gained a lengthy hearing, and the tenor of Miss Whitehead's discourse can be judged from her protest that a paper on "Abt Vogler" which was chiefly biographical had not brought out "the essential idea of the poem . . . namely, that seeming failure is truly success, and that we are allowed to fail here that we may succeed hereafter." To Shaw, then in the midst of the stormiest Fabian controversies, inspirational talk of this sort was but pallid recreation.

Shaw was not in the habit of keeping his opinions to himself. At the May meeting he set off fireworks which were to go on exploding through the next month. Miss Stoddart's paper on "Saul" gave him his chance.

Mr. Shaw thought the poem a very beautiful one. Apart from his admiration and enjoyment of the poem as a poem, he did not see how any one in this century could accept the cardinal statement in it, where David informs Saul that "all is love and all is law." Miss Stoddart did, on the ground that that optimism was just as valid in the present day in an address from her to them, as it was from David to Saul. Look-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing round at what took place today, how could any one accept David's statement, that these were the works of God? He had some experience as to how Christianity enabled people to endure sorrow. He must say that they bore the misfortunes of others with the most extraordinary magnanimity. Although not a Christian, he would like to say a word or two on Christ from a purely secular point of view. In regard to the statement that Christ is always with us, he thought if Christ were to come on the earth and see what was taking place, he would be very greatly hurt to be told that it was the influence of his spirit, for he thought this was the most desperately mean, sordid, selfish, rascally, dastardly century that any one could wish to live in. They found wretched men, women, and children working and sweating from twelve to eighteen hours a-day for a bare subsistence, in order to produce the dividends on which these very Christian people live pleasantly, and went to church on Sunday to thank God that they were not as other men.

But Mr. Shaw scratched a Methodist to find an Amazon.

> Miss Stoddart, replying on the discussion, said . . . she wished to make an especial stab at Mr. Shaw; he made the most singlar statement she had ever heard. . . .

Such an exchange of volleys was without precedent in the Society. It not only threatened the decorum of the meetings; it raised the issue of discontinuing them altogether. When at the next session Gonner proposed as an amendment to the Committee's report that the organization be dissolved, he clearly referred to the occurrences of the month before. The skirmish between Shaw and Miss Stoddart had shocked him.

> He objected to this Society being perverted from its object. He wished definitely to raise the question and have it submitted for the decision of the majority of the members. He owned to possessing a little reverence still, and did not care to have the subject of the immortality of the soul or the divinity of Christ thrown upon the table as a subject to be bandied about in a discussion between two parties. He concluded by moving his amendment and urging it upon the members.

Shaw arose to second Gonner's amendment but stated that he preferred to reserve his remarks until later in the meeting. Miss Stoddart, however, was eager to join battle for herself and for theology.

> Miss Stoddart thought her paper had been specially aimed at in the amendment, and wished to state that the subject was not her own choice. The matter arose in a little controversy between the Chairman of one of their meetings last year and herself, in which he discussed Saul as she thought incorrectly; upon which she was pointedly asked to write a paper on Saul, and, after a moment's consideration, she decided to do so. She wished to suggest a query. If theological poems were to be put in the shade what poems were left? When Mr. Gonner had made his careful elimination of poems containing references to the Incarnation and faith and religious feeling, what would be left for discussion? (Cheers.)

When Shaw spoke at last, his words possessed a moderation that might not have been there had he cared more about the outcome of the debate.

> Mr. Shaw, although he had seconded the amendment, did not wish to be regarded as in any sense a wrecker of this Society, because of course it was open to Mr. Gonner and himself or any one else if they did not like the Society to leave it. But if any one thought it was time the Society ceased to exist it was his duty to bring it before the members and get their decision upon it. It was evident that a society of this kind would at some time or other have gone through its work, and it seemed to him that something like that had happened. He dare not endorse what the Chairman [Furnivall] had said in regard to the advance in Browning's reputation being due to this Society. The question was now whether they were not rather a hindrance than a help. On some points he wished to dissociate himself from Mr. Gonner. Mr. Gonner spoke of his strain of reverence. He (Mr. Shaw) had not a spark of reverence, and he did not like good taste. He liked Dr. Berdoe because he always spoke in bad taste (laughter). He wished to say also that as a literary man he had no idea what "literary aims" were. Furthermore he most cordially approved of dramatic performances and of advertising Browning and "spreading abroad the gospel" to the fullest extent. To come to the point, there was a great deal in Browning that would bear discussion. Miss Stoddart asked if they left out theology what was left? Well, there was a great deal left. There was an amount of art study and philosophy and even alchemy, and he pointed out that the alchemist occupied a certain place in the range of philosophic evolution. Then there were historical subjects of great interest. The difficulty was however that they never went into these subjects. They must look facts in the face, and Mr. Gonner was perfectly right in saying that no matter what paper they had before them, in the discussion they always got into Browning's optimistic theology, and the question was whether this was justifiable. Mr. Revell had over and over again got Browning in a corner on that question, and if they could not get papers on any other subjects it showed that the Society had done its work.

—From the drawing by Max Beerbohm
"G. B. Shaw in His Element."

When put to the question, the amendment received but one vote in addition to the votes of Gonner and Shaw.

Within a few months, Shaw took the alternative to liking the Society that he had pointed out. Shaw's last remarks in meeting (February 22, 1889) show increasing impatience with the papers and the discussions. His satire has turned Juvenalian, and Mr. Oldham's paper on the obscurity of Browning's poetry is made to suffer for demerits not peculiarly its own.

> Mr. Shaw said this was a difficult sort of paper to know what to say about it. His first impulse was to move an amendment to the vote of thanks, but that would scarcely be polite. Perhaps they ought to carry a vote of condolence. In thanking the writer of the paper they expressed the fact that he had made a contribution, which Mr. Shaw did not think he had done. He spoke of Browning as a great poet who preferred not to express himself clearly, and seemed to have a notion that Browning thought out a thing quite clearly, and then immediately sat down and thought how he could make it unintelligible and prevent anybody from reading it. That would reduce Mr. Browning to a malignant demon, who deliberately wished to confuse and puzzle the human race. In reference to all this about Browning's obscurity, he wanted to know to whom he was obscure. If it was to be laid down that a poet must be plain to everybody, you came down to Dr. Watts at once. He was sorry if his remarks had been almost uniformly abusive, and could only say that the writer of the paper richly deserved it.

Thus Shaw ended his career in the Browning Society with a valediction more honest than it was urbane. For two years he had been a member of the Executive Committee, but by 1890 his name was no longer on the list. Both Shaw and the Society had changed, and in different directions.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What They Said About Shaw

Some of the Early Reviews of His Books and Plays

"Irrational Knot"

It is possible that the same mysterious force which drives him through the labor of writing it may have the same purpose which will sustain others through the labor of reading it.

—*Saturday Review,* London, November 18, 1905.

"John Bull's Other Island" and "Major Barbara" (One Vol.)

It is only by the ideas which they embody that Mr. Shaw's stage-works will live. Should those ideas ever become commonplace—an unlikely contingency!—his plays possess, apart from their humor and wit, no quality which can save them from the doom of oblivion. They contain but a small amount of story, no plot worth speaking of, and have little emotional stress or conflict; any catastrophe they set forth is of a strictly intellectual sort.

—*Atheneum,* London, July 27, 1907.

As a study of actual social conditions, or as drama, ["Major Barbara"] is quite worthless, being wholly unreasonable and packed, as is the writer's habit, with all kinds of false and reckless generalizations, cynical extravagances and perverse misrepresentations; but it is nevertheless highly entertaining in its witty, bumptious, paradoxical and wholly irresponsible fashion.

—*The Nation,* July 4, 1907.

The present writer is considering not Mr. Shaw the playwright, but Mr. Shaw the clairvoyant, the acute observer and the critic of things as they are in the year of grace 1907, the philosopher, if you will, of the open eye and mind. He is, as a matter of fact, the very inspiration of critics whether of literature or of life, for he is inexhaustibly suggestive because he is marvelously perceiving.

—*The New York Times,* July 13, 1907.

—*Reproduced from the drawing by Edmund Dulac with the permission of the proprietors of* The Outlook.

"A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience."—A Midsummer Night's Dream.

"Heartbreak House"

The play "Heartbreak House" appears half-procession, half-pandemonium; it is like one of those portentous American cinematograph films, in which the fat man kills hundreds of people at lightning speed with a mallet as big as a lamp post. All the characters seem to be scurrying about with the intense crazy logic of lunatics. As a picture, it simply is not true.

—*Atheneum,* London, Oct. 17, 1919.

The play which gives its title to the volume is more symbolical in method than his earlier plays. In this change he follows what has come to seem the inevitable development of every modern dramatist of the first rank. In this play Shaw is as searching and as profound and as vital as his best work, and yet softer and mellower and more imaginative.

—Ludwig Lewisohn, in *The Bookman,* Feb. 20, 1919.

That his portrayal of the elemental instincts is shallow and perverse has always been evident to those who would see; now that fact is demonstrated as signally as such a fact can be. At the touch of the great reality, all the piers and buttresses of his thought crumbled. What remains? Enough to place Shaw definitely in the forefront of English writers for the theatre; for the piers and buttresses of thought have nothing to do with this dramatist whose works are sheer humoresque fancy soaring aloft on the wings of their own airiness and irresponsibility.

—John Corbin, in *The New York Times,* December 7, 1919.

Technically, "Heartbreak House" is equal to everything but the best of Shaw. But we certainly begin to understand his methods almost unflatteringly well. Shaw is a keen and ready philosopher—but despite the critics, no dramatist. His characters are exaggerations, his situations farcical.

—Maxwell Anderson, in *Publishers' Weekly,* August, 1919.

"Back to Methuselah"

It has the same cleanliness, the same honesty, the same austerity, the same

—*Reproduced from the drawing by Sir Francis Carruthers Gould with the permission of the publishers of F. G. C.'s Froissant, 1903-1906.*

"Bernardo de Shaw—a Canterbury Pilgrim of Today."

lively social conscience, and the same religious fervor as glorified "Heartbreak House."

—Alexander Woollcott, in *The Bookman,* August, 1921.

The novelties of this book are rather disappointing. Mr. Shaw has created—and in an age which seldom rises above constructiveness that is much—but his creation does not live because he is not an artist.

—Gilbert Seldes, in the *Dial,* August, 1921.

Mr. Shaw seems to be one more example of a man in whom dismay and horror at the world revealed by the war have caused a kind of panic. He must get out his formula to save civilization without a moment's delay, but civilization is not to be saved without the slow unromantic labor of hard thinking. . . . Mr. Shaw is not an organizer of ideas; he is that much rarer thing—a source of ideas to be organized. Prophets who can thus inflame the imagination are few. Let us be thankful for Mr. Shaw.

—*Literary Review,* June 25, 1921.

He has poetized the theme of creative evolution. It is more fool proof than any other dynamic idea. But it has volcanic fire in these legends. To the top of this literary Popacatepetl I have crawled gasping, and, wearing snow spectacles. I assert that Shaw is still unbelievably brilliant.

—Francis Hackett, in *The New Republic,* June 15, 1921.

Will merely irritate and puzzle those who read it as a play. But to those who are interested in such things it must be intensely interesting; for it is real thought, although without freedom, a kind of physical growth and proliferation which must fall into patterns because it has attained no communication with anything outside or above itself, and so is not creative.

—*The London Times,* July 7, 1921.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only once during what he calls his prime has Mr. Shaw's unbearably brilliant intellect stopped gyrating long enough to let his wisdom hear its own voice. That was when he wrote "Major Barbara." Never since then—until "Back to Methuselah"—has he drawn back from the center of his being, for his fundamental and unlimited knowledge of the universe. In all these plays, even in the finest of them, the shadow flung by the idea dwarfs the men and the women who are small because it is vast, and static because it is dynamic.

—Storm Jameson, in the
Yale Review, January, 1922.

"*Saint Joan*"

Effective, ironic, intelligent—a strong satire and a noble piece of work. Yet, somehow, failing to be more than that. The deep irony, the profounder vision, the nobler language which might have built on this keen, clean, framework a great work of art, a monument of enduring literature—these Mr. Shaw does not and cannot give us. He remains original, clever in the best sense, wiser than most and honest in his craft, but without the greatness of the inevitable artist. The story of Joan is still to be written in its ultimate form.

—*Independent,* August 16, 1924.

After the dreariness of "Back to Methuselah" I confess that I, too, found "Saint Joan" more than usually interesting, but neither as a stage play nor in book form would it impress me as much as "Heartbreak House." The reason is that Shaw's attempt to rationalize the figure of Joan, while preserving at the same time her sanity and heroic character, awaken no response in me. One may either reduce the Maid to such terms as Anatole France did, or emotionalize her. But Shaw tried to do both and his peculiar form of rationalized sentimentality leaves me cold. It is the sentimentality, however, which has clearly captured his English critics, who declare that at last Bernard Shaw's heart has been touched.

—Ernest Boyd, in the
Literary Review, Aug. 3, 1924.

There are scenes and speeches in some of Mr. Shaw's plays which gain through exposure to the more deliberate process of reading. "Saint Joan" is not one of those plays. It is from beginning to end magnificently actable.

—*New Statesman,* July 19, 1924.

In "Saint Joan" Shaw has written one of the greatest prose dramas in the language. He has chosen materials for the first time which he thoroughly understands, and in commenting upon his play he has achieved a happy pleonasm; so happy indeed, that I, for one, was sorry when he wound up after eighty-four pages of elaboration.

—Burton Rascoe, in the
New York Tribune, July 13, 1924.

The "Unsocial Socialist"

Pitchforking His Way to the Millennium

J. D. THOMAS

IN the Preface to "Immaturity" for his collected works* Bernard Shaw wrote of himself at the period when that first, long-unpublished novel was composed:

> I had the intellectual habit; and my natural combination of critical faculty with literary resource needed only a clear comprehension of life in the light of an intelligible theory: in short, a religion, to set it in triumphant operation. It was the lack of this last qualification that lamed me in those early days.

This self-criticism is also entirely valid for Shaw's next three novels: all belong to the satiric and iconoclastic phase of his career. Nor does the fifth and last of these "novels of nonage," "An Unsocial Socialist," reveal that philosophy—or religion—of Creative Evolution and the Superman which was to become Shaw's final "clear comprehension of life."

Indeed, the nearest approach in any novel to the latter-day message of G. B.S. appears, curiously enough, in the first. There, in a typically Shavian conversation on marriage, the conclusion is reached that men really marry, not for sympathy or companionship or for any of the commonly assigned reasons, but for the obvious yet ignored one of getting children.

> Therefore marry the woman who will bring you the finest children, and who will be the best mother to them [urges Shaw's spokesman, Vesey]; and you will never find out that you might have done better by choosing elsewhere.

That was very like the Life Force speaking. Nevertheless, as all the world recalls, before emerging as the prophet of a distant evolutionary future, Shaw was long to be the exponent of a somewhat more practical socialistic millennium. It is to this middle period of platform and pamphlet that "An Unsocial Socialist" belongs. There are, indeed, numerous suggestions of Shaw's nascent socialism in the earlier stories, especially in the fourth, "Cashel Byron's Profession." But it is only with "An Unsocial Socialist" that Shaw can properly be said to have acquired, or at any rate to have manifested in his fiction, "a clear comprehension of life in the light of an intelligible theory."

The first four novels have this, at least, in common with the fifth: that they are one and all attacks on society (in the restricted or drawing-room sense of the word) and on the ideals of the English gentleman. Shaw adopts for his protagonists a type he may fairly be allowed to have created—a grownup *enfant terrible* who uses society as a kind of happy hunting ground for satiric wit and ironic savoir faire. Edward Conolly, in "The Irrational Knot," is accused of "cynical impudence"—a phrase that characterizes the manner of Shaw's heroes generally. The scenes in which, by sheer wit and aplomb, the plebeian Conolly successively worsts his future father-in-law and brother-in-law on the question of his suitability to the station of his fiancée, furnish the prototype for dozens of similarly impudent scenes and situations, culminating in the outrageous masqueradings of Sidney Trefusis as the laborer Smilash in "An Unsocial Socialist." All the aristocratic dignities, all the virtuous pretenses and barriers of society, fall as to the sound of magic trumpets before a disarming Shavian humor.

Romantic love and the family are the two aristocratic ideals which receive the most severe buffeting in the first four novels. Adrian Herbert, in "Love Among the Artists," who "exchanged the burden of disliking [his]

*Ayot St. Lawrence Edition. New York: Wm. H. Wise & Company. Vol. 1. 1930.

—SRL *sketch by R. N. Roman.*

"I knew him well!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mother for the heavier one of loving [his] wife," joins these two main threads of Shaw's satire. Twenty years before the appearance of "The Way of All Flesh," Herbert calmly informs his mother:

> You make it your fixed principle to thwart me in everything. I am sorry to have to tell you plainly that I have come to look upon your influence as opposed to my happiness.

Similarly Butlerian is Owen Jack's blunt assertion, in the same book, that "family affection is half sense of property, and half sense of superiority." Like Jane Austen, Shaw is fully conscious of matrimony as a prime interest of the respectable classes; yet more often than not his novels, instead of closing with the conventional "happy" marriage of romance, terminate with no marriage at all.

The chief characteristics of romantic love, it would appear from Shaw's stories, are its foolishness, as in the scenes of Cyril Scott's ridiculous lovemaking with Harriet Russell in "Immaturity"; and its failure to lead to marital happiness, as in the first marriage of Trefusis in "An Unsocial Socialist." Manifestly, the young Anglo-Irish bachelor of the five novels entertained a sufficiently low opinion of wedded bliss. To the question, "Is marriage really a success?" he replies through Harriet of "Immaturity":

> What is the use of asking that? . . . The routine for most is, one year of trying to persuade themselves that they are happy, six months of doubt, and eighteen months of conviction that marriage is a miserable mistake. Then they get tired of bothering themselves over it and settle down into domestic commonplace, quite disenchanted, but not tragically unhappy. Of course, children make a great difference; but most people get quite tired of them, just as the children themselves do with a plaything when its novelty wears off.

The measure of Shaw's view of romantic marriages is furnished by the two novels which do, superficially, conclude with a conventional denouement. Trefusis, hero of "An Unsocial Socialist," after escaping from his earlier love match, marries the only woman of his acquaintance, "not quite a fool"; and in "Cashel Byron's Profession" Lydia Carew shows herself equally calculating in choosing Byron for a mate.

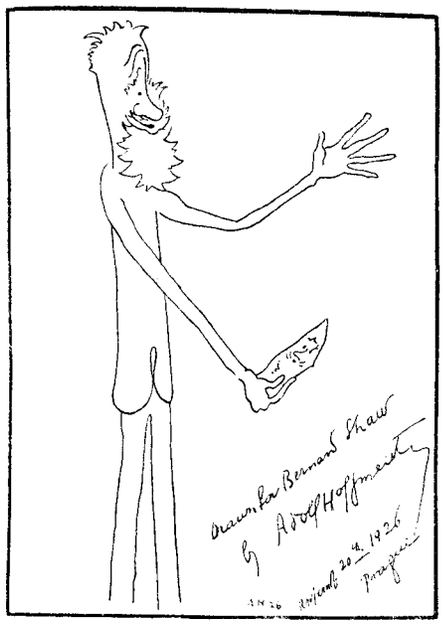
"The Irrational Knot," as Shaw himself has not failed to point out, was very near to being an English "Doll's House." The book ends with a scene between Conolly and his wife that is strikingly similar to that of Nora and Helmer, not merely in the fact that it results in separation, but more particularly in the candor and rationality with which the marriage bond is discussed. With characteristic but justified self-complacency, Shaw said of this novel in the light of his later acquaintance with Ibsen: "I had made a morally original study of marriage myself, and made it, too, without any melodramatic forgeries, spinal disease, and suicides."

Besides such broad, general satiric or didactic purposes—with which we may include, for what it is worth, Shaw's questionable interpretation of "Cashel Byron's Profession" as an attack on the romantic conception of pugilism—the novels are full of what may be called *obiter dicta* of propaganda. Following a rather macabre account of a visit of the hero of "Immaturity" to a cemetery, the author sets forth the purpose of the scene in an explanatory footnote:

> . . . It was a plea for cremation, which was then a much more controversial subject than it is now. And it was a repleading of Dickens's protest against the grotesque mummeries of the old-fashioned funerals.

As a striking instance of his tendency toward gratuitous negative special-pleading, Shaw on a single page of "Cashel Byron's Profession" attacks vivisection, the military caste, and hunting. All this is in accord with a plainly announced propagandist intent:

> Is it quite in good taste to attack the most precious convictions of others [asks Isabella in "Immaturity"], merely because they do not happen to agree with your own?
>
> Every man who entertains a belief, or a disbelief [replies Smith], has a right to become a propagandist, both for the sake of testing himself and enlightening others.



—From the drawing by Adolf Hoffmeister, Prague, 1926.

"Bernard Shaw (shocked): 'Do I really look like that'!!!!"

"An Unsocial Socialist" reveals Shaw—the somewhat miscellaneous satirist and propagandist, now become Shaw the socialist—in his best platform manner. Trefusis lectures the other characters (and incidentally the reader) unconscionably, borrowing liberally not only from Marx but even from Shaw himself! The book contains the most explicit estimate of society to be found in any of the five novels:

> Modern English polite society, my native sphere, seems to me as corrupt as consciousness of culture and absence of honesty can make it. A canting, lie-loving, fact-hating, scribbling, chattering, wealth-hunting, pleasure-hunting, celebrity-hunting mob, that, having lost the fear of hell, and not replaced it by the love of justice, cares for nothing but the lion's share of the wealth wrung by threat of starvation from the hands of the classes that create it (spoken by Trefusis.)

Shaw damns alike the older aristocracy of the land and the newer aristocracy of the shop. "I deny," he argues, "that what is now called 'society' is society in any real sense, and my best wish for it is that it may dissolve too rapidly to make it worth the while of those who are 'not in society' to facilitate its dissolution by violently pounding it into small pieces."

The collectivism expounded in the book seems commonplace enough across the gap of nearly sixty years intervening since the first printing. In the sense of offering a concrete plan of action, even this novel cannot be called constructive, for Trefusis—or Shaw—distrusts immediate utopias: he does not know how the millennium is to be ushered in, but only that the future is certainly "socialism or smash." To a faint heart the prospect might have appeared cause for melancholy. But Shaw was never a pessimist, and so his last novel ends on a note of optimism.

> The first literary result of the foundation of our industrial system upon the profits of piracy and slave-trading was Shakespeare. It is our misfortune that the sordid misery and hopeless horror of his view of man's destiny is still so appropriate to English society that we even today regard him as not for an age, but for all time. But the poetry of despair will not outlive despair itself. Your nineteenth century novelists are only the tail of Shakespeare. Don't tie yourself to it: it is fast wriggling into oblivion.

Such militant optimism on the part of the youthful Shaw, declining to be dragged at the tail of despair, perhaps may help to explain the singular energy with which, in more recent years, the tail of St. Bernard has been observed to wag the gay dog of Creative Evolution.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Malicious Aforethoughts

Shavian Observations and Diabolisms

[EDITOR'S NOTE: George Bernard Shaw, the modern St. George who has thrust his pen into the humbug, lies, pompousness, and folly of humanity, is certainly the most quotable of living writers. His acute interest in science, art, music, drama, sociology, economics, socialism, and in most aspects of man's behavior make him a kind of super-humanitarian.

In September, 1871, George Bernard Shaw made his first attempt to break into print and received this letter from *Vaudeville Magazine:*

> G. B. Shaw, Torca Cottage, Torca Hill, Dalkey Co. Dublin, Ireland. You should have registered your letter; such a combination of wit and satire ought not to have been conveyed at the ordinary rate of postage. As it was, your arguments were so weighty that we had to pay 2d. extra for them.

In the following seventy-three years, hundreds of pamphlets, published speeches, plays, prefaces, novels, critical essays, printed lectures, letters, and magazine articles have appeared under his name; a whole literature has grown up around him, and he will remain an inexhaustible subject for research for decades to come. Herewith a few representative drops from St. George's bubbling well of vitriol. They consist of a few quotations, familiar and unfamiliar, from his plays and prefaces, and his table-talk with Archibald Henderson, whose coöperation in the making of this issue is hereby acknowledged.

"To arouse their [the Americans'] eager interest, all that is necessary is to hold them up to the ridicule of the rest of the Universe. Dickens won them to him forever by merciless projections of typical Americans as windbags, swindlers, and assassins."

—*Shaw's comment on the award to Sinclair Lewis of the Nobel Prize* (1931).

"You are right in your impression that a number of persons are urging me to come to the United States, but why on earth do you call them my friends?"

—*From a letter to Oswald Garrison Villard* (1898).

"We don't bother much about dress and manners in England, because, as a rule, we don't dress well and we have no manners." —*"You Never Can Tell"* (1898).

"It is well to be off with the old woman before you are on with the new." —*"The Philanderer"* (1898).

"Marry Ann, and at the end of a week you will find no more inspiration in her than a plate of muffins."

—*"Man and Superman"* (1903).

"A lifetime of happiness! No man alive could bear it: it would be hell on earth."

—*"Man and Superman"* (1903).

"The whole world is strewn with snares, traps, gins, and pitfalls for the capture of men by women."

—*Dedicatory epistle, "Man and Superman"* (1903).

"The whole strength of England lies in the fact that the enormous majority of English people are snobs."

—*"Getting Married"* (1911).

"He's a gentleman: look at his boots."

—*"Pygmalion"* (1913).

—*From the G.B.S. play, "Geneva."*

"The Master at a Rehearsal."

"Men must be killed and animals must be killed; nay whole species of animals and types of men must be exterminated before the earth can become a tolerable place of habitation for decent folk. But among the men that will have to be wiped out stand the sportsmen, the men without fellow-feeling—the man so primitive and uncritical in his taste that the destruction of life is an amusement to him, the man whose outlook is as narrow as his dog."

—*Shaw's preface to "Killing for Sport"* (1914).

"The worst cliques are those that consist of one man."

—*"Back to Methuselah"* (1921).

"The Jews generally give value. They make you pay; but they deliver the goods. In my experience the men who want something for nothing are invariably Christians."

—*"Back to Methuselah"* (1921).

"Kings are not born, they are made by universal hallucination." —*Unknown source.*

The following quotations are taken from Archibald Henderson's "Table-talk of G.B.S.," Harper's, *1925:*

"I look my age and I am my age. It is the other people who look older than they are. What can you expect from people who eat corpses and drink spirits."

"It is longevity which interests me and not the ghastly prospect of seeing all the moribund people bustling about and pretending to be gay young dogs."

"It is the time ahead of man that enthralls him, not the time behind him."

"Clemens (Mark Twain) was in very much the same position as myself. He had to put matters in such a way as to make people, who would otherwise hang him, believe he was joking."

"If Lee (Robert E.) had been a political genius, he would have hoofed Jefferson Davis out and made himself master of the Confederacy."

"Every American aspirant to film work should be sent to Denmark or Norway to civilize him before being allowed to enter a Los Angeles studio."

"Soldiering is the completest slavery possible in civilized society."

"People should execrate me for the things I have said, but not for the things fools have said I have said."

"Every man over forty is a scoundrel."

"I tell you that you will never have a healthily sexed literature until you have a healthily sexed people, and that is impossible under capitalism, which imposes commercial conditions on marriage as on everything else."

"Every civilized man is a communist and a socialist to some extent, when he is not a frank criminal."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
BOARD OF EDITORS
Norman Cousins, Editor
Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman — Associate Editors
William Rose Benét, Bennett Cerf — Contributing Editors
Harrison Smith
President
Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.
Copyright, 1944, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

ON AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

ON July 26, George Bernard Shaw will be eighty-eight years old. This issue of *The Saturday Review* is given over to him, not because he has passed man's three score and ten by eighteen years, or because we feel that he may not reach his eighty-ninth year or his ninety-ninth, but because we have long wanted to pay some tribute to this prodigious man and have found in his approaching birthday a satisfactory excuse. For Bernard Shaw possesses qualities that all thinking men must admire: unbreakable personal integrity, fearlessness, and generosity of spirit. His fierce hatred of hypocrisy, of evasion, and downright public lying have at times brought down upon him the wrath of his contemporaries. He has never yielded an inch. His ideas have changed, as why should they not over so many decades, but never his principles. He is the honest intellectual incarnate.

Shaw's puritanism and his personal habits have set him apart from other men. We do not love an incorruptible mentor, whose life reminds us of our errors of thought or behavior, and this elderly gentleman who has never smoked, nor drunk spirits, nor since the years of reason eaten meat, must be in some way a reproach to most men—a reproach which is only too simple to avoid by dismissing him as a crank, a cold-blooded machine, or a buffoon. There have been attempts to cut him down to normal size. The press has for many years tried to make a fool of him by begging for and playing up his impish or outrageous remarks. What he has said has often been twisted to mean something else, or phrases have been attributed to him that he never uttered, so much so that he was compelled to publish a book, "What I Wrote About the War," to set his record straight with the world.

Shaw has kept his inner self to himself and there exists in his nature an inviolate space where the poet and the romantic lover of humanity hide. He is a perfectionist and a rationalist who has lived through the latter years of the period, halcyon at least in retrospect, of the Pax Britannica, and has been plunged like the rest of us into this political era of revolution and world wars. He is a bad prophet, for he has made monstrous errors, and he is not an accurate historian. The processes of trial and error, of "muddling through," to use H. G. Wells's phrase for democracy's method of meeting or avoiding world problems, the refusal of the English statesman or the average man to look unpleasant facts straight in the face until it is almost too late to save anything, including honor, are infuriating to a man of Shaw's mental habits. This Anglo-Saxon contempt and avoidance of what men do not want to understand until they find themselves on the verge of catastrophe is one of his favorite themes. But what would become of society over which a man like Shaw was, let us say, Prime Minister for any length of time is terrifying to contemplate, though the idea itself is an absurdity, since he could not remain in public office for many months without being thrown out by an indignant public. Imagine Bernard Shaw writing a platform for the Republican Party in America, or creating a policy "line" to be swallowed whole by the British Empire.

What, then, is Bernard Shaw? He is the teacher who has failed to alter the mental processes of humanity; the social reformer who has pointed out the disparities between man's creed and his behavior; the socialist who hasn't known what to make of Russia; the capitalist who has driven the hardest and shrewdest bargains with publishers and producers, who is always groaning about his income tax, and yet who gave away his Nobel prize thousands to found a Scandanavian fellowship; he is the caustic ironist and wit who is forever thumbing his nose at the society that he was always trying to cure; the ascetic who shrank as a young man from thought of the prolonged intimacies of marriage, and yet who through the years was the most devoted and loving of husbands; he is the writer of tender and ardent love-letters to the most beautiful and accomplished women of his day, but a man to whom no scandal was ever attached.

Bernard Shaw, you might say, is not one man, but three or five men, since no one person could have so many brilliant facets or so many glaring inconsistencies, or could be so everlastingly right at one time and so wrong at another. Consider some of his accomplishments. He is the greatest pamphleteer since Swift, a brilliant musical critic, the founder, after reading Henry George, of the Fabian Society, which introduced socialism to England; he was for some forty-five years perhaps the world's greatest playwright.

Every form of his incredible literary activity, novels, plays, speeches, preface, articles, criticism, has this one motive in common: to teach man to think logically and humanely; to rid us of our incurable levity and shallowness, lest we, as a race, perish from the earth. He is as deeply serious as any man who has ever lived. If he is a buffoon at times, it is to protect himself from stupidity and malice; if he seems to love money, it is because he is well aware that the artist is too often forced to live on charity, and because money to most men is a standard of success. If he has been wrong in his judgment, it is because he is aware that a wrong concept if it is formed on a right principle may stimulate thought as well as any correct guess. If he is vain of his accomplishments, who has a better right?

One of the touchstones to Shaw's seriousness and his love of mankind is that series of plays and the preface to them called "Back to Methuselah." Since it takes three nights to produce, they are perhaps the least known of his dramas. In this series of plays Shaw is as profoundly serious as a man can be. And as he rests and sleeps and writes today, aware that the life force is gradually slipping away from him, a bitterness beyond what most men can feel must overwhelm him. What has he accomplished: with that strong body cared for so scrupulously, that flashing mind, that reformer's soul? Nothing! he might well say, for the world seems to be worse off than when he came into it; the follies, the greed, the ferocity of men more destructive, more terrible. But he has lived these eighty-eight years and his adult voice has never been silent. When it no longer echoes, what will we then think, we who now in his last years patronize him as if he were an old idol of no market value today? We may think that this ardent genius lived at the wrong time, and so was reduced by the cleverness and the envy of his fellow men to an absurdity. We may think of him as a curiosity of the late nineteenth and the early twentieth century. But I do not believe that we will thus scorn him or forget him when the irritation of his strictures on events that are close to our hearts or to our pride is removed, or when we no longer have to treat him with the condescending insolence of the young to the very old, which is one of humanity's least admirable traits. I believe that we will look back upon him with reverence and with awe.

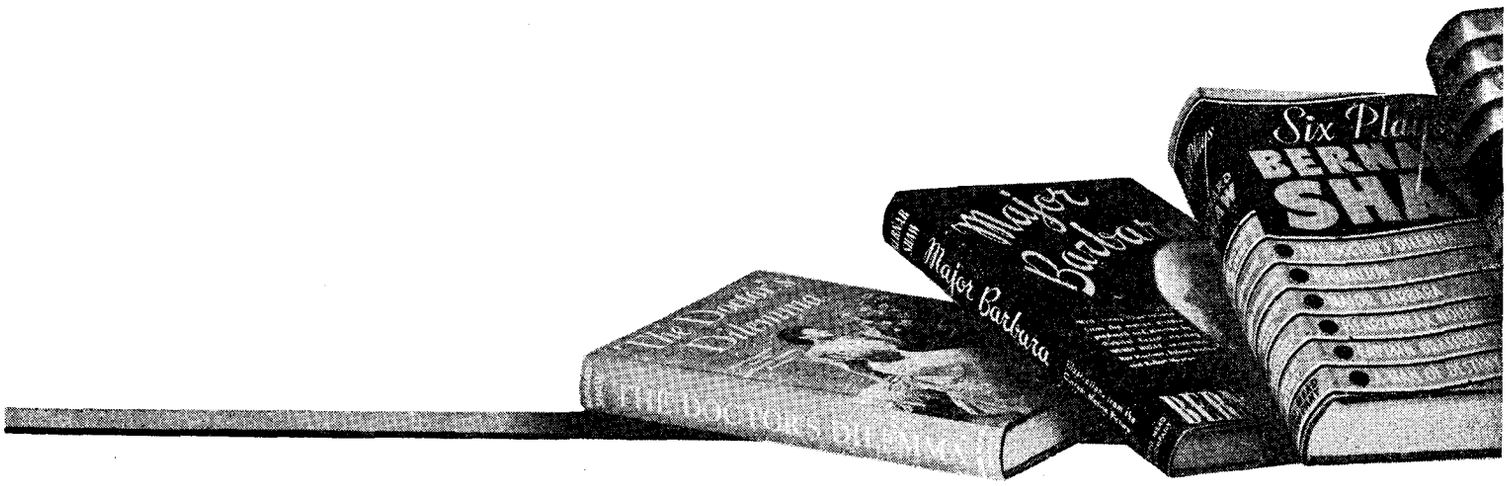
H. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Courtesy, James Montgomery Flagg.*

Riposte

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

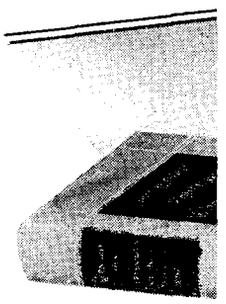


The Complete Works of BERN

UNIFORM LIBRARY EDITION—CLOTH. 12MO.

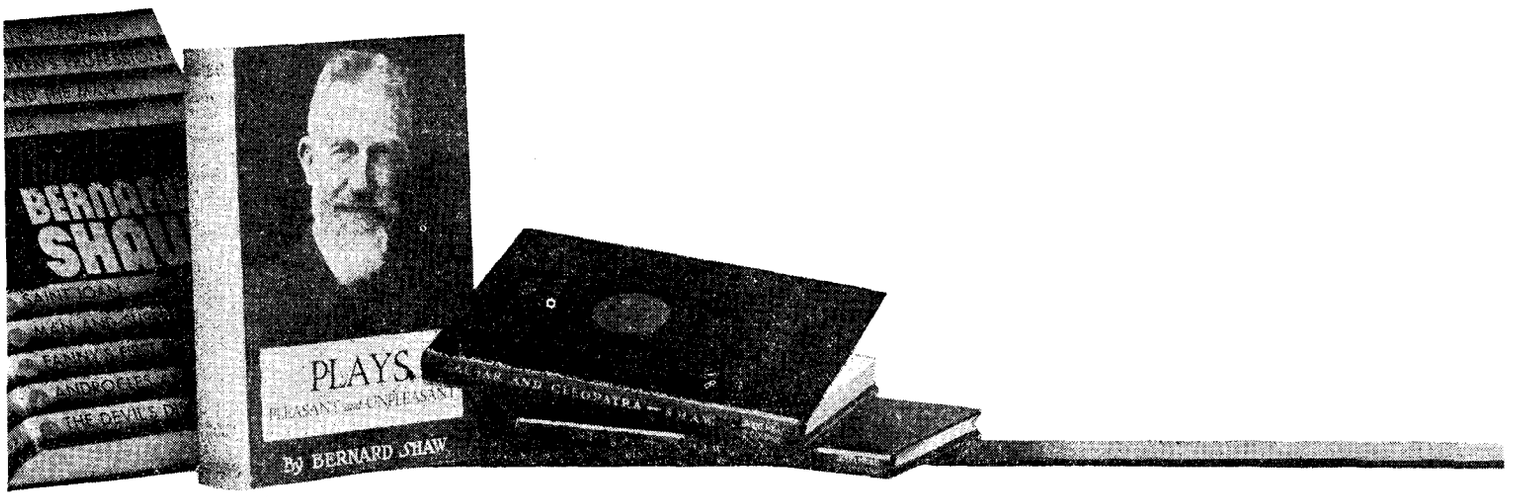
ANDROCLES AND THE LION Containing also Over-Ruled and Pygmalion $2.50
THE APPLE CART $2.50
ARMS AND THE MAN ..... See under Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant
AUGUSTUS DOES HIS BIT ..... See under Heartbreak House
BOLSHEVIK PRINCESS ..... See under Heartbreak House
CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA ..... See under Three Plays for Puritans
CANDIDA ..... See under Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant
CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION ..... See under Three Plays for Puritans
CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION $2.50
THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS ..... See under Misalliance
THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE ..... See under Three Plays for Puritans
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA Containing also Getting Married and The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet $2.50
FANNY'S FIRST PLAY ..... See under Misalliance
GETTING MARRIED ..... See under The Doctor's Dilemma
THE GREAT CATHERINE ..... See under Heartbreak House
HEARTBREAK HOUSE Containing also The Great Catherine, Playlets of the War, O'Flaherty, V.C., The Inca of Perusalem, Augustus Does His Bit, and Bolshevik Empress $2.50
THE INCA OF PERUSALEM ..... See under Heartbreak House
THE IRRATIONAL KNOT $2.50
LOVE AMONG THE ARTISTS $2.50
THE MAN OF DESTINY ..... See under Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant
MAN AND SUPERMAN $2.50
THE MILLIONAIRESS ..... See under Three New Plays
MISALLIANCE Containing also Fanny's First Play and The Dark Lady of the Sonnets, with a treatise on parents and children $2.50
MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION ..... See under Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant
O'FLAHERTY, V.C. ..... See under Heartbreak House
OVER-RULED ..... See under Androcles and the Lion
THE PHILANDERER ..... See under Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant
PLAYLETS OF THE WAR ..... See under Heartbreak House
PLAYS PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT 2 vols. Containing Widowers' Houses, The Philanderer, Mrs. Warren's Profession, You Never Can Tell, Arms and the Man, Candida, and The Man of Destiny $5.00
PYGMALION ..... See under Androcles and the Lion
SAINT JOAN $2.50
THE SHEWING UP OF BLANCO POSNET ..... See under The Doctor's Dilemma

To Be I
EVERYBODY'S

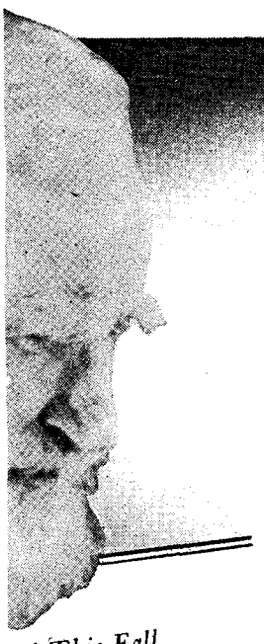


DODD, MEAD & C

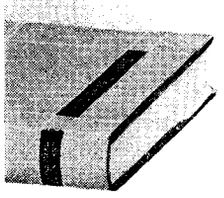
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ARD SHAW



ed This Fall
CAL WHAT'S WHAT?



NY, NEW YORK 16

SHORT STORIES, SCRAPS AND SHAVINGS	$2.50
THE SIMPLETON OF THE UNEXPECTED ISLES	*See under Three New Plays*
THE SIX OF CALAIS	*See under Three New Plays*
THREE NEW PLAYS: The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles (with Preface); The Six of Calais (with a short Prefatory); The Millionairess (with Preface).	$2.50
THREE PLAYS: Too True to Be Good; Village Wooing; On the Rocks.	$2.50
THREE PLAYS FOR PURITANS Containing The Devil's Disciple, Caesar and Cleopatra, and Captain Brassbound's Conversion	$2.50
TRANSLATIONS AND TOMFOOLERIES	$2.50
AN UNSOCIAL SOCIALIST	$2.50
WIDOWERS' HOUSES	*See under Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*
YOU NEVER CAN TELL	*See under Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*

ADDITIONAL TITLES, NOT UNIFORM WITH ABOVE

THE FUTURE OF POLITICAL SCIENCE IN AMERICA Small 12mo.	$1.25
WILLIAM MORRIS AS I KNEW HIM 12mo.	$1.50
SIX PLAYS Containing The Doctor's Dilemma; Pygmalion; Major Barbara; Heartbreak House; Captain Brassbound's Conversion; and Man of Destiny. 8vo	$3.75
SAME Text book edition	$3.00
NINE PLAYS Containing Caesar and Cleopatra, Mrs. Warren's Profession, Arms and the Man, Candida, Saint Joan, Man and Superman, Fanny's First Play, Androcles and the Lion, and The Devil's Disciple. 8vo	$5.00
SAME Text book edition. 8vo	$3.50
MAJOR BARBARA With 12 pages of photographs from the motion picture. 12mo.	$2.00
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA Illustrated with photographs from the Katharine Cornell production. 8vo.	$2.00

POCKET SIZE EDITION. CLOTH. PER VOLUME, $1.25

ARMS AND THE MAN	*MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION*
MAJOR BARBARA	*THE PHILANDERER*
CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA	*YOU NEVER CAN TELL*
CANDIDA	*JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND*
THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE	*CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION*
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA	*MISALLIANCE*
FANNY'S FIRST PLAY	*THE SHEWING UP OF BLANCO POSNET*

PLAYS BOUND IN PAPER. PER VOLUME, $1.00

THE ADMIRABLE BASHVILLE *GETTING MARRIED*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

OH, SHAW!

ANY MAN WHO, at the age of eighty-eight, can dismiss a visitor with a chirpy "Get along with you now; I'm fully two years behind in my work as it is," is still a force to be reckoned with. That's what George Bernard Shaw told Lawyer Morris Ernst in London a few short weeks ago. Casual observers who construed some of his more ridiculous remarks of recent seasons as a sign of approaching senility neglected to take into account Shaw's increasing propensity for deliberately playing the clown, and being cute for visiting journalists and celebrity hunters. He still loves to see his picture in the papers, and will be just outrageous enough to corral the front page of a literary supplement. At heart, he remains one of the shrewdest horse-traders in the world.

Less than a year ago, Shaw pointed out that writers made a mistake in working twelve months of the year in Hollywood, regardless of how big their salaries might be. "The work you are doing," he reminded them, "becomes the sole property of your employers. When you write successful plays or novels, you may reasonably expect royalties on them every year for the rest of your lives—and the taxes aren't so big!" Today, one prominent author after another is arranging to stay in Hollywood six months at most in the year, and is coming back to New York to write novels or plays—properties in which he can retain a vested right. It is amusing to note that a man going on to eighty-eight led the way. . . .

I FIRST MET Bernard Shaw in his London apartment, facing the Thames Embankment, in the Spring of 1936. Random House was planning an anthology of hit plays produced by the Theatre Guild, and, of course, we wanted to head off the volume with Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" and Shaw's "Saint Joan." Our written request elicited one of his customary "Absolutely no" cables, but Lawrence Langner gave me a note of introduction, and when Shaw consented over the phone to see me I knew that all was not lost.

He opened the door himself. The sight of that ruddy face and expanse of silvery whiskers in the doorway almost floored me. Miss Patch, his secretary, was away that day. We had the house to ourselves. First he showed me a photograph of himself with his arm around Marion Davies. He had received it that morning, and obviously fancied himself in it. This led to a brief dissertation on William Randolph Hearst. "I cannot understand," said Shaw, "why so many Americans shudder at the thought of Hearst. Doesn't he represent everything you worship most: success, power, fortune? Why don't you elect him President?" My reaction must have been just what he was angling for, because he threw back his head and roared with laughter. Then he dropped the picture of Miss Davies. I made the mistake of reaching down to pick it up. Shaw snatched it angrily out of my hands. "I'm not as old as all that," he said sharply. "I do nicely for myself here without a soul in the house."

"And now about 'Saint Joan,'" he said finally. "What will you pay me?" I told him what we planned to pay for each play in the proposed anthology. "You can have 'Saint Joan,'" he said, "if you give me twice as much as anybody else. Without me, of course, you have no book."

He had me dead to rights on that. "I can't give you more than I do Eugene O'Neill," I protested. "'Strange Interlude' is just as important as 'Saint Joan.'" "Ah yes," he agreed, "but I know very well that you are Mr. O'Neill's own publisher in America, and he gets the entire payment. I must split mine with Dodd, Mead. That evens it."

I WAS VERY HAPPY to settle things on that basis. Tea was brought up from the restaurant downstairs, and I said goodbye. He had a last thought just as I was stepping into the lift. "If a book club takes your collection," he called, "I shall have to ask double." Sure enough, the Book-of-the-Month Club chose the Theatre Guild Anthology as a dividend, and Mr. Shaw cashed in very handsomely. In acknowledging the check he wrote, "I owe part of my success to the fact that I never had a partner in anything I did. If you wish to be a successful publisher, for heaven's sake, never take a partner." "I already have two," I answered, "but I'm not sure that all three of us together could cope with a city slicker like yourself."

Shaw's acknowledgment was a clipping of an apocryphal interview with Samuel Goldwyn. That gentleman was supposed to be imploring Shaw for permission to film "Pygmalion." "I don't care if the picture loses money," he declared. "It's the contribution to art I'm thinking of." "That's the difference between us," Shaw assured him. "You think of nothing but art, and I think of nothing but money." . . .

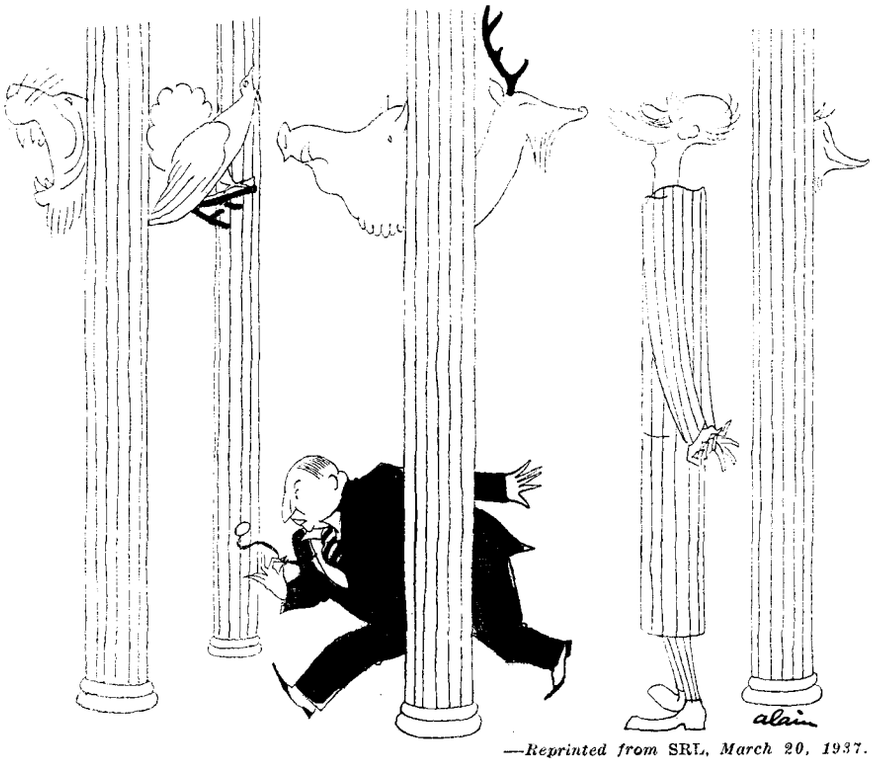
AS A MATTER OF FACT, Shaw finally consented to a screen version of "Pygmalion," but a Hungarian named Gabriel Pascal was the producer, not Goldwyn. The story goes that Pascal won Shaw by an approach that certainly was novel. "Not only do I want your permission to make a picture of 'Pygmalion,'" was his proposition, "but I want you to help me to raise twenty-five thousand pounds to finance it. The fact is, I'm broke at the moment!" Mr. Shaw attended the prevue, and signed autographs that one night as happily as the veriest Hollywood ham. He even consented to appear on the stage at the conclusion of the picture. Somebody in the gallery cried "boo." Shaw waved merrily, and said, "My friend, I quite agree with you, but what are we two against so many?" The picture was very successful both in England and America, largely due to a sensitive and characteristic performance by the late Leslie Howard. Shaw claimed that the picture netted him twenty-nine thousand pounds, but that it cost him fifty thousand in war taxes. "Another success like that," he grumbled, "and I am ruined." . . .

BAITING AMERICANS is an old pastime of Bernard Shaw's. When he met Helen Keller, he said, in a rarely equalled display of atrocious taste, "I wish all Americans were deaf, dumb, and blind." "Why should anyone want to visit the United States?" he asked another time. "I do not want to see the Statue of Liberty. I am a master of comic irony, but even *my* appetite for irony does not go as far as that." He boasted to Hesketh Pearson (whose biography, "G.B.S.," is superb reading), "I am always careful never to say a civil word to the United States. I have scoffed at their inhabitants as a nation of villagers. I have defined the one-hundred-percent American as ninety-percent idiot. And they just adore me." It is barely possible that Mr. Shaw has been reading the wrong newspapers. . . .

WHEN CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER opened in a revival of Shaw's "Candida," he cabled "Excellent. Greatest." Miss Skinner, overwhelmed, cabled back, "Undeserving such praise." Shaw answered, "I meant the play." Miss Skinner bristled, and replied, "SO DID I." . . .

Shaw's romance with the actress, Ellen Terry, has been the subject of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*Reprinted from* SRL, *March 20, 1937.*

"Good heavens, Gwendolyn, where is Mr. Shaw?"

infinite anecdotes and conjectures. When she requested permission to publish some of the voluminous correspondence he had addressed to her in the course of a lifetime, he refused indignantly, saying, "I will not play the horse to your Lady Godiva." "Ours was an ideal love affair," he explained, "because it was conducted principally by post. Ellen got tired of five husbands, but she never got tired of me."

HE BECAME A vegetarian in 1881, although H. G. Wells has hinted darkly that he drinks liver extracts on the sly. When his friends predicted that abstinence from meat-eating would be the death of him, he retorted that at least his coffin could be followed by a procession of all the animals he had never eaten. "They will look better than most pallbearers I have seen," he added. Mrs. Pat Campbell, in the heat of a particularly exasperating Shavian rehearsal, cried, "Shaw, some day you'll eat a pork chop, and then God help all womankind." . . .

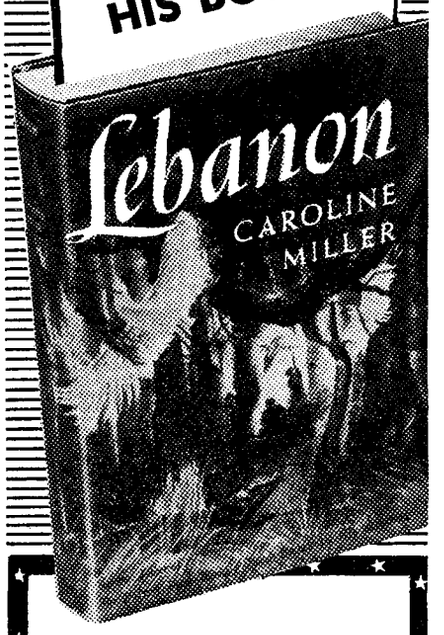
SHAW IS A FAVORITE SUBJECT of caricaturists, but he doesn't like any of them. He has a vast collection of photographs of himself, but I noticed nary a caricature in evidence when I visited him. He explained to a writer on *The Manchester Guardian,* "A photograph is eighty percent sitter, twenty percent photographer. A painting is seventy-five percent artist, and only twenty-five percent sitter. Caricatures? Bah! Child's play! Caricatures are never like me. Low's aren't like me at all. One day I went into a friend's flat and I did at last see a caricature of me that seemed to be good. It was cruel, of course, but still what a caricature should be. I thought I would bring Low to see it. Then it moved and I saw it was a mirror." . . .

MR. SHAW has unpleasant memories of his school days, and is determined that his plays be excluded from scholastic curricula. "I lay my eternal curse," he wrote, "on whosoever shall now or at any time hereafter make schoolbooks of my work and make me hated as Shakespeare is hated. My plays were not designed as instruments of torture." He does most of his reading standing up, often dressing or undressing at the same time. "I never shut a book," he told Mr. Pearson,. "but put the next book on top of it long before it's finished. After some months there is a mountain of buried books, all wide open, so that my library is distinguished by the stain of dust or soot on it." . . .

IN AN UNUSUAL burst of modesty, Shaw confessed, "In moments of crisis my nerves act in the most extraordinary way. I size up the situation in a flash, set my teeth, contract my muscles, take a firm grip on myself, and without a tremor, always do the wrong thing." "When I die," he says, "I want to be thoroughly used up. The harder I work, the more I live. Life is no brief candle for me. It is a sort of splendid torch, which I have got hold of for the moment. I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations."

BENNETT CERF.

A new novel by
CAROLINE MILLER
author of the Pulitzer Prize Winner
LAMB IN HIS BOSOM



● From the verdant cypress swamp country of Georgia to the raw, frontier scene of Lebanon Fairgale's final ordeal and triumph, this novel traces the westward adventure of 19th century America in terms of the inspiring experience of one magnificent woman—whose longing had been awakened by a man she could never have. You'll lose your heart to Lebanon. You'll enjoy anew the magic of Caroline Miller's writing.

LEBANON
by Caroline Miller
At your bookseller's • $2.50
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Loom of Language"

SIR: Mr. Jaques Barzun is to be complimented on his intelligent and clear-sighted review of Bodmer and Hogben's "The Loom of Language," in your July 1 issue. It is good to see books of that kind properly excoriated, especially when they have had such exaggerated advertising and touting.

There is one point of cardinal importance, however, that I believe Mr. Barzun has overlooked. It is quite true that language is not a *product* of science; but it is, and has been for a hundred and fifty years, *an object of scientific study*. The science of language, *linguistics*, is the most advanced, in method and results, of all the social sciences; its method of analysis is close to that of the mathematical sciences, and its results are both accurate and extensive, in giving us a picture of the structure and history of languages.

Now the Bodmer-Hogben book, although claiming to be founded on linguistic science, is not so at all. The understanding of linguistics shown in the book is approximately that current about 1840. It is as if a chemist were to write a popular book about chemistry using the outlook of Lavoisier as a starting point. There are at least four books which can be recommended to the general reader as introductions to the study of language, by Leonard Bloomfield, Edward Sapir, Otto Jespersen, and J. Vendryes.

ROBERT A. HALL, JR.

New York, N. Y.

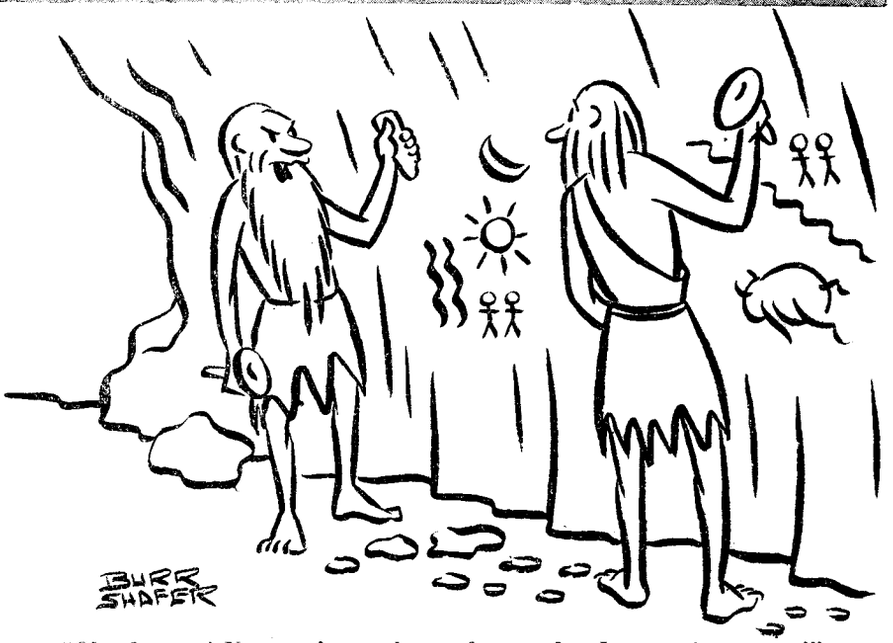
Mark Twain's "Pap"

SIR: The editorial you recently quoted from an early issue of *The Nation*, and retitled The Poll Tax, I have inserted opposite the following monologue taken from "Huckleberry Finn." While the style is vastly different, yet I think Mark Twain achieves even greater force, in his subtly wicked fashion, by putting these words into the mouth of such a character as Pap:

> Oh, yes, this is a wonderful govment, wonderful. Why, looky here. There was a free nigger there from Ohio—a mullatter, most as white as a white man. He had the whitest shirt on you ever see, too, and the shiniest hat; and there ain't a man in that town that's got as fine clothes as what he had; and he had a gold watch and chain, and a silver-headed cane—the awfulest old gray-headed nabob in the state. And what do you think? They said he was a p'fessor in a college, and could talk all kinds of languages, and knowed everything. And that ain't the wust. They said he could vote when he was at home. Well, that let me out. Thinks I, what is the country a'coming to? It was 'lection day, and I was just about to go and vote myself if I warn't too drunk to get there; but when they told me there was a state in this country where they'd let that nigger vote, I drawed out. I says I'll never vote ag'in. Them's the very words I said; they all heard me; and the country may rot for all me—I'll never vote ag'in as long as I live.

MARGARET BALLARD.

New York 14, N. Y.



"Oh, shut up! Now you've made me forget what I was going to say!"

(HO)N = N(OH)

SIR: Your article, "What's Wrong with Scholars?" by Marjorie Nicolson, sent me diving through family archives to reread my thesis, done for a Master's Degree twenty odd years ago. Miss Nicolson is right—something must be done about "reader interest" in theses. And, to show you my attempt at correction of the "thesis-style" writing, I submit the following effort:

A THESIS FOR THE MASTER'S DEGREE, revised after twenty-two years. A refutation of Miss Nicolson's charge that thesis-writing must be dull.

BEFORE

"THE ULTRA-VIOLET ABSORPTION SPECTRA OF THE SYN and ANTI FORMS of STEREO-ISOMERIC OXIMES."

AFTER—22 years

"An ABSORBING TALE—done in COLOR."

You laugh at the chemist, his research profound?
Besides being rude, your thinking's unsound.
While others write odes of a nature Homeric
The chemist is struggling with things ISOMERIC.

In dark rooms, with spectra, he spends lengthy hours
To see just what colors his Oxime devours;
And what's the effect of the Hydrogen jitters
In dances atomic. No spare time he fritters
Away. He photographs Mollie Cule catching her in
The clutch of an ANTI, sh! living in SYN.
She's *ultra* in violet, dolled up in short waves—
Selective, absorbing, gay colors she craves.

They're very deceiving, these Benzyloximes—
To the chemist, adoring, they're ravishing dreams;
While STEREO-ISOMERS may make YOU smile,
To the dyes in your clothes they're awfully worth-while.

The romance of learning is buried in tomes?
The English which shrouds it as dry as old bones?
Take a look at this drawing—it's my poor thesis
After twenty-two years of mental paresis!

* * * * * * * *

BENZALDOXIMES

Anti (Before)	*Syn* (After)
C_6H_5CH	C_6H_5CH
11	11
(HO)N	N(OH)

WILDA W. DEFANDORF.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Horror about Horrors

SIR: When Fletcher Pratt in his review of "Great Tales of Terror and the Supernatural" says that the stories of H. P. Lovecraft (specifically "The Rats in the Walls," and "The Dunwich Horror," both of which I have read several times for pleasure as well as in the line of duty) "get nowhere," that is a flat mis-statement of fact. I challenge him to prove his contention, and I am curious to know by what standards he makes it. "The Rats in the Walls" is one of the greatest horror tales of our time, if not, indeed, *the* greatest, and it is one of Love-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

craft's most carefully wrought tales. It is quite possible that Mr. Pratt missed its implications. "The Dunwich Horror" (three-starred by O'Brien, incidentally, when first it appeared in "Weird Tales") is not far behind it in the genre.

AUGUST DERLETH.

Sauk City, Wisconsin.

Library of American Classics

SIR: I was pleased to read the letter of John W. Minton on out-of-print American books in your issue of June 10. The same wish for an American "Everyman's" was suggested to me in recent years by the reading of the books of Parrington and Van Wyck Brooks. It has seemed to me that such a library would best be undertaken by a great American university press, as the World's Classics Series is a product of Oxford. I suggested this a few years ago in a letter to Harvard University Press which replied courteously, but naturally indefinitely. I think Yale University Press would do an admirable job.

Let us hope to see some day such a library of American classics, well-edited and at something like the reasonable price of similar series. Recent years have taught publishers a lot about the production of legibly printed books at low cost.

FRANCIS D. O'CONNOR.

Portland, Maine.

Can You Remember This?

SIR: Speaking of mispronunciations, here is a little story that Jack Pearson might enjoy hearing his friends read aloud:

> Some maniacal troops in khaki made a formidable foray on Boulogne while the aerial arm bombed the quays. Three scouts, robust aspirants for glory, had cut a swath through a field of hydrangeas to reach an adobe hovel, when a mangy mongrel, covered with soot, jumped at them, soiling the blouse of one and ripping the breeches of another. The hospitable beldame who abode in the rococo cottage cried, "A murrain on thee, Rex!"
>
> "Rabies?" came one worried inquiry.
>
> "No! Eczema," replied the woman.
>
> Forgetting his grimace, one boy twirled his mustache and remarked expertly, "Say, that vase in the garden is a real rarity!" Just then, the sound of hoof-beats interrupted the conversation.

SHIRER VAN STEENBERGH.

Cranial Binding

SIR: To turn to the gruesome, did you ever hear that a certain Paris bookbinder used nothing but human skin to encase his volume? It's true, and it happened during the French Revolution, when the cheapest thing in France was a human head. You may see a copy of such a bound book at the Library of Congress.

CHESTER PEAR.

Washington, D. C.

Bearing up well

He's carrying quite a load but he's doing all right. And he's mighty grateful for your help — especially when Long Distance circuits are crowded.

Then the Long Distance operator may say — "Please limit your call to 5 minutes." Saving telephone time is important in wartime.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

G. B. S. — A Bibliography

THE following listing, compiled for *The Saturday Review* by members of the staff of the New York Public Library, is, we believe, the most up-to-date bibliography of Shaviana available. It includes, in addition to his collected works, the first published editions of his plays, novels, and short stories, essays and studies, letters, and important pamphlets. On the other hand, because of space limitations, it has been necessary to omit the countless writings appearing in newspapers and periodicals, which accounts for the underemphasis in the list of Shaw's drama and movie criticism. The list has been compiled primarily from secondary sources, although the works themselves have been consulted when possible.

Collected Works

COLLECTED EDITION. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1930-32, 28 v. (Edition limited to 1,025 copies.)

COMPLETE PLAYS OF BERNARD SHAW. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1931. 1,131 p.

STANDARD EDITION OF THE WORKS OF BERNARD SHAW. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1931-37. 28 v.

Plays

ANDROCLES AND THE LION, OVERRULED, PYGMALION. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1916. cxviii, 205 p. (A "Rough Proof—Unpublished" copy of "Androcles and the Lion" was printed by Constable & Co. in 1913, and consisted of 46 pages.) (A "Rough Proof—Unpublished" copy of "Pygmalion" was printed by Constable & Co. in 1914, and contained 87 pages.)

THE APPLE CART: A Political Extravaganza. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1930. 78 p.

BACK TO METHUSELAH. A Metabiological Pentateuch. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1921. 268 p.

CYMBELINE REFINISHED: A Variation. [Edinburgh] Priv. printed. [R. & R. Clark] 1937. 19 p. "50 copies printed." "Confidential, please."

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, GETTING MARRIED, AND THE SHEWING-UP OF BLANCO POSNET. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1911. xciv, 407 p.

GENEVA . . . London, Constable & Co., Ltd., [1939]. vii, 111 p. (An "Unpublished" copy, privately printed in Edinburg, in 1938, contains 90 pages.)

GREAT CATHERINE. . . . London, Constable & Co., 1914. vii, 40 p.

HEARTBREAK HOUSE, GREAT CATHERINE, AND PLAYLETS OF THE WAR: O'Flaherty, V. C., "The Inca of Perusalem," "Augustus Does His Bit," Annajanska. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1919. 266 p. (In 1917 Constable & Co., Ltd., of London, printed "Heartbreak House," but it was not published.) (A "Rough Proof—Unpublished" copy of O'Flaherty, V.C., an interlude in the great war of 1914, was printed in Edinburgh by R. & R. Clark, Ltd. in 1916. This play appeared in *Hearst's*, volume 32, 1917.) (A "Rough Proof—Unpublished" copy of "The Inca of Perusalem" was issued by Constable & Co., Ltd., of London, in 1915. It consisted of 26 pages.) (A "Rough Proof—Unpublished" copy of "Augustus Does His Bit" was printed by R. & R. Clark, Ltd., of Edinburg, in 1916.)

IN GOOD KING CHARLES'S GOLDEN DAYS; A History Lesson. London, Constable & Co., Ltd. [1939]. vi, 119 p.

JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND and MAJOR BARBARA: also HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND. London, Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd., 1907. lix, 293 p.

MAN AND SUPERMAN: A Comedy and a Philosophy. Contents: "Man and Superman," "The Revolutionists' Handbook," "Maxims for Revolutionists." Westminster, Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd., 1903. xxxvii, 244 p.

MISALLIANCE, THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS, and FANNY'S FIRST PLAY. With a treatise on parents and children. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1914. 234 p. (A "Rough Proof—Unpublished" copy of "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," written for the Shakespeare National Memorial Theatre, was printed by Constable & Co. in 1910. It consisted of 15 pages.) (A "Rough Proof—Unpublished" copy of "Fanny's First Play" was printed by Constable & Co. in 1912, and paging was numbered 101-184 pages.)

PASSION, POISON, AND PETRIFACTION, OR THE FATAL GAZOGENE. (In Harry Furniss's "Christmas Annual," 1905 . . . London, A. Treherne & Co., 1905. 11-24 p.)

PLAYS: PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT. London, Grant Richards, 1898. 2 v. (v. 1—xxvi, 235 p.; v. 2—xviii, 320 p.) Contents: v. 1—"Widowers' Houses," "The Philanderer," "Mrs. Warren's Profession." v. 2—"Arms and the Man," "Candida," "Man of Destiny," "You Never Can Tell."

—Drawing by Oliver Herford

"RELATIVITY"

Bernard Shaw: **"Say, Einie, do you think you understand yourself?"**

Doctor Einstein: **"No, Bernie—do you?"**

PRESS CUTTINGS . . . London, Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd., 1909. 39 p.

SAINT JOAN . . . London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1924. lxiv, 114 p. (A "Rough Proof—Unpublished" copy of "Saint Joan" was printed by Constable & Co. in 1923.)

THE SHEWING UP OF BLANCO POSNET: A Sermon in Crude Melodrama. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1909. 33 p.

THE SIMPLETON; THE SIX; and THE MILLIONAIRESS. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1936. 198 p.

THE SIX OF CALAIS: A Medieval War Story by Jean Froissart, Auguste Rodin, and Bernard Shaw. [London] Priv. print., 1934. 13 p.

THREE PLAYS: TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD; VILLAGE WOOING; and, ON THE ROCKS. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1934. 274 p.

THREE PLAYS FOR PURITANS: THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE; CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA; and CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION. London, G. Richards, 1901. 350 p.

TRANSLATIONS AND TOMFOOLERIES. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1926. 246 p. Contents: "Jitta's Atonement," Translation of "Frau Gitta's Sühne," by Siegfried Trebitsch, "The Admirable Bashville," or "Constancy Unrewarded." Press Cuttings: "The Glimpse of Reality," "Passion, Poison, and Petrifaction," or "The Fatal Gazogene," "The Fascinating Foundling," "The Music Cure."

WIDOWERS' HOUSES . . . London, Henry & Co., 1893. 126 p.

Essays And Studies

BERNARD SHAW AND KARL MARX. A symposium, 1884-1889. London, Simpkin, Marshall, Ltd., 1930. ix, 200 p.

DOCTORS' DELUSIONS, CRUDE CRIMINOLOGY, AND SHAM EDUCATION. London, Constable & Co., Ltd. [1932]. 372 p. "First published in the 'Limited Collected Edition,' 1931."

DRAMATIC OPINIONS AND ESSAYS . . . London, Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd., 1907. 2 v. (v. 1—xxv, 447 p.; v. 2—vii, 466 p.) (An unauthorized edition was published by Brentano's in New York in 1906.)

THE FUTURE OF POLITICAL SCIENCE IN AMERICA: An Address by Mr. Bernard Shaw to the Academy of Political Science, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on the 11th April, 1933. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1933. 43 p. (This lecture was published by Constable & Co., in London, in 1933, under the title: "The Political Madhouse in America and Nearer Home." Published in Hollywood, Calif., in 1933 under title: "American Boobs.")

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1928. xxxvi, 494 p.

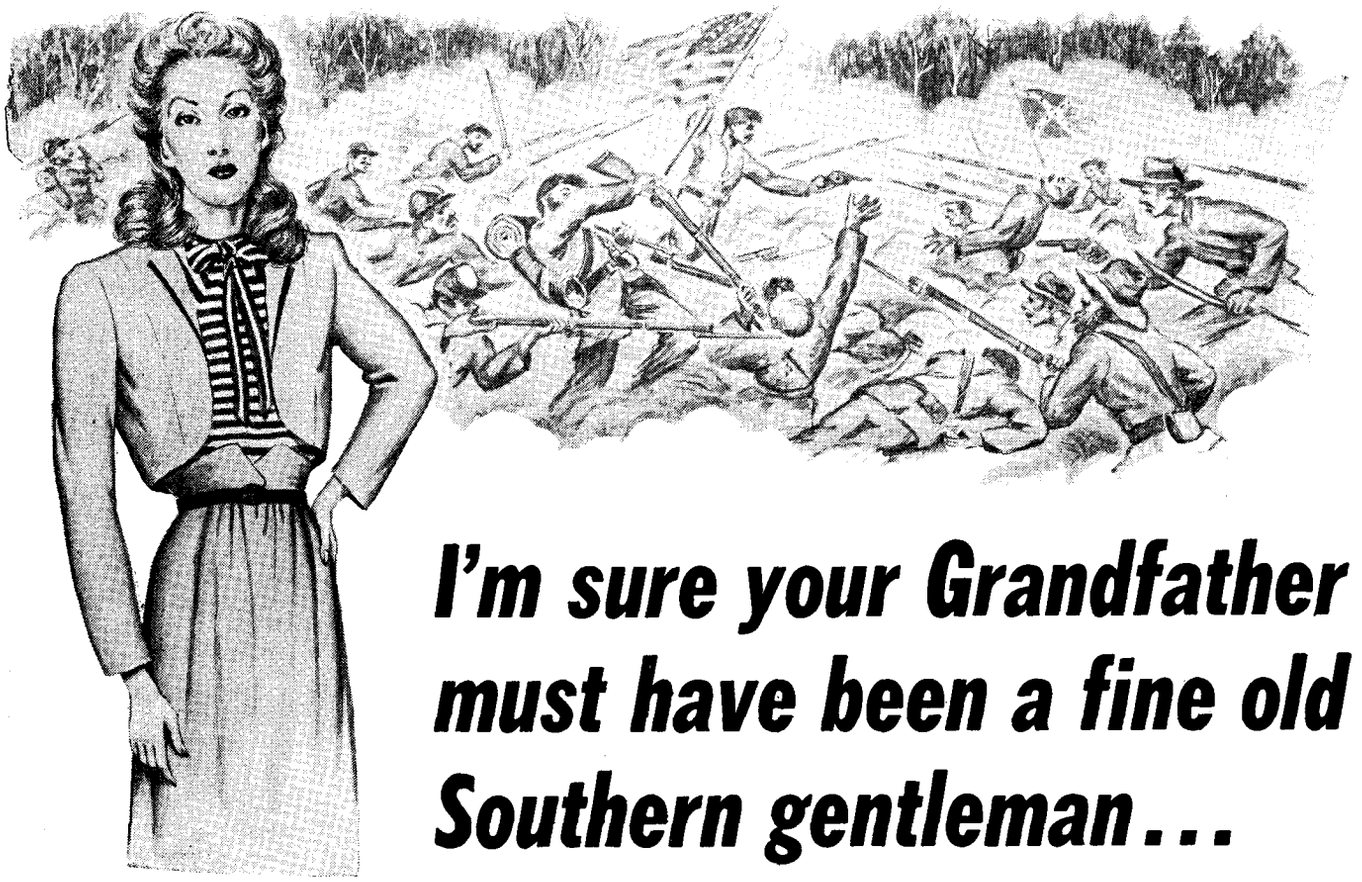
LONDON MUSIC IN 1888-89 AS HEARD BY CORNO DI BASSETTO . . . London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1937. 420 p.

MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION . . . Preface written after the Stage Society Performances, entitled "The Author's Apology" . . . London, Richards, 1903. 114 p.

MUSIC IN LONDON, 1890-94. London, Constable & Co., Ltd. [1932]. 3 v. (v. 1—301 p.; v. 2—324 p.; v. 3—319 p.) ("These criticisms were contributed week by week to *The World*.")

NINE ANSWERS: With an Introduction by Christopher Morley. [N. Y.] Privately printed for J. Kern. [1932.]

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



I'm sure your Grandfather must have been a fine old Southern gentleman...

THE TAUNTING, bored remark of the girl he loved set young Lee Harrington thinking.

Yes, his grandfather had been a Southern gentleman . . . He always wore a slouched hat and a black tie like a Confederate general and they said he was in Pickett's Charge.

And Lee's other grandfather had fought on the Yankee side on the blood-reddened fields of Gaines Mill and the Seven Days.

But it was Rome Hanks – his great-grandfather, Romulus Lycurgus Hanks, Captain in the 117th Iowa – who stirred the young man's blood and made him brood about these men, and women, from whom he was descended . . . who had made him and the America he knew.

This strange, compelling and powerful novel is the story of Lee Harrington's ancestors–as he remembered them, as he had been told about them, as he had dreamed of them. All the memories are sifted through Lee's mind and given a new and startling quality.

As a novel of the Civil War it is superb. Shiloh, Gettysburg, Atlanta – the battle scenes are as real, as contemporary, as a dispatch from the Invasion Coast. And the story of post-Civil War days in the Middle West is equally dramatic and filled with action.

For breath-taking realism, electrifying recreation of historic scenes and events, a glowing gallery of vital, flesh and blood characters this novel is unsurpassed. It is a reading experience that you will long remember. $2.75

THE HISTORY OF ROME HANKS

AND KINDRED MATTERS

by JOSEPH STANLEY PENNELL

at all bookstores CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS at all bookstores

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR THEATRES IN THE NINETIES. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1932. 3 v. (v. 1—296 p.; v. 2—292 p.; v. 3—418 p.) ("These criticisms were contributed week by week to *The Saturday Review* from January, 1895, to May, 1898.") ("A selection from the criticisms, edited by Huneker, was published in two volumes in 1906, under title: 'Dramatic Opinions and Essays.'")

PEACE CONFERENCE HINTS. 1919. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1919. vi, 108 p.

THE PERFECT WAGNERITE: A Commentary on the "Ring of the Niblungs." London, Grant Richards, 1898. 148 p. (First published in New York periodical *Liberty.*)

PREFACES. London, Constable & Co., Ltd. [1934.] 802 p. ("These prefaces, forming a series of pamphlets and essays on current political and social problems . . .")

PEN PORTRAITS AND REVIEWS. London, Constable & Co., Ltd. [1932.] vi, 304 p.

. . . PREFACE TO IMMATURITY. New York, W. H. Wise & Co., 1930. xlviii p. ("Twenty-five copies printed.")

THE QUINTESSENCE OF IBSENISM. London, Walter Scott, 1891. vii, 161 p.

THE QUINTESSENCE OF IBSENISM . . . now completed up to the death of Ibsen. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1913. xix, 210 p.

THE SANITY OF ART . . . London, The New Age Press, 1908. 104 p.

SHAW GIVES HIMSELF AWAY: An Autobiographical Miscellany. [Newtown, Montgomeryshire] The Gregynog Press, 1939. xi, 188 p. (Three hundred copies.)

STATEMENT OF THE EVIDENCE IN CHIEF OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW BEFORE THE JOINT-COMMITTEE ON STAGE PLAYS (CENSORSHIP AND THEATRE LICENSING). [Edinburgh, R. & R. Clark] 1909. 56 p. "Privately printed. Confidential."

TABLE-TALK OF G. B. S. Conversations Between Bernard Shaw and His Biographer . . . By Archibald Henderson. London, Chapman & Hall, Ltd., 1925. 162 p.

THIS IS THE PREACHMENT: On Going to Church . . . East Aurora, N. Y., The Roycroft Printing Shop, 1896. 40 p. (First published in *The Savoy,* No. 1, Jan., 1896, under the title "On Going to Church." The Roycroft is a pirated edition.)

WHAT I REALLY WROTE ABOUT THE WAR. London, Constable & Co., Ltd. [1931]. 418 p. ("First published in 'Limited Collection Edition,' 1930.")

WILLIAM MORRIS AS I KNEW HIM . . . New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1936. 52 p.

Pamphlets

ARE WE HEADING FOR WAR? [London: Labor Party, 1933] 11 p. ("Delivered . . . in the B. B. C.'s 'Whither Britain' series of broadcasts.")

THE ART OF REHEARSAL. New York, S. French [1928]. 14 p. ("Originally printed in the United States under the title 'Make Them Do It Well.' It appeared in *Collier's Weekly* June 24, 1922.")

THE CASE OF BELGIUM. N. Y., Commission for Relief in Belgium [1915]. 7 p.

. . . COMMON SENSE ABOUT THE WAR. London, The Statesman Pub. Co., Ltd. [1914]. 32 p. (At head of title: Supplement to *The New Statesman,* Nov. 14, 1914.)

THE COMMON SENSE OF MUNICIPAL TRADING. Westminster, A. Constable & Co., Ltd., 1904. 120 p.

THE CRITICS OF THE WHITE PROPHET . . . Preface to second edition. London, W. Heinemann [1909]. 16 p. (First separate edition.)

. . . THE DYING TONGUE OF GREAT ELIZABETH . . . London, Shakespeare League, 1920. 19 p. (Reprint from an article in *The Saturday Review,* February, 1905.)

FABIAN ELECTION MANIFESTO. [London], The Fabian Society, 1892. 16 p. (Fabian Tract No. 40.) (Attributed to Shaw.)

FABIAN ESSAYS IN SOCIALISM. London, The Fabian Society, 1889. 2 leaves.

FABIAN ESSAYS IN SOCIALISM. London, The Fabian Society, 1889. viii, 234 p. (This volume, containing essays by Shaw and by others, was edited by Shaw.)

. . . THE FABIAN SOCIETY: What It Has Done and How It Has Done It. London, Fabian Society, 1892. 30 p. (Fabian Tract No. 41.) "Reprinted as '. . . The Fabian Society: Its Early History,' by the Society in 1899.")

FABIANISM AND THE EMPIRE: A Manifesto by the Fabian Society. Ed. by Bernard Shaw. London, G. Richards, 1900. ix, 101 p.

FABIANISM AND THE FISCAL QUESTION. London, The Fabian Society, 1904. 27 p. Fabian Tract No. 116.) (Attributed to Shaw.)

HOW TO SETTLE THE IRISH QUESTION. Dublin, The Talbot Press, Ltd.; London, Constable & Co., Ltd. [*c.*1917]. 32 p. This title is a reprint of a series of articles written . . . at the suggestion of *The London Daily Express.*)

THE IMPOSSIBILITIES OF ANARCHISM. London, The Fabian Society, 1983. 27 p. Fabian Tract No. 45.)

IMPRISONMENT. New York, Brentano's [1924]. viii, 85 p. (First published as preface to "English Prisons under Local Government," by Sidney and Beatrice Webb.)

. . . IRISH NATIONALISM AND LABOUR INTERNATIONALISM . . . London, The Labour Party [1920]. 15 p.

IS FREE TRADE ALIVE OR DEAD? A Lecture by Bernard Shaw at the Glasgow Fabian Society at the City Hall, Glasgow, October 2nd, 1903. London, printed for private circulation by G. Standring, 1906. 36 p.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS. London, The Fabian Society, 1929. 11 p. (Fabian Tract No. 226.)

MR. MALLOCK'S IDEALS. A letter by G. Bernard Shaw, printed in *The Times* of February 5th, 1909, and reprinted for the information of members [of the Fabian Society. London, 1909.]

A PLAN OF CAMPAIGN FOR LABOUR, CONTAINING THE SUBSTANCE OF THE FABIAN MANIFESTO ENTITLED "TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL!" London, The Fabian Society, 1894. 33 p. (Fabian Tract No. 49.) (First appeared in *Fortnightly Review,* Nov., 1893.) (Attributed to Shaw.)

REPORT ON FABIAN POLICY AND RESOLUTIONS PRESENTED BY THE FABIAN SOCIETY TO THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST WORKERS AND TRADE UNION CONGRESS, 1896 . . . London, The Fabian Society, 1896. 15 p. (Fabian Tract No. 70.) (Attributed to Shaw.)

RUSKIN'S POLITICS. [London] The Ruskin Centenary, 1921. 32 p.

SOCIALISM AND SUPERIOR BRAINS: A Reply to Mr. Mallock. London, The Fabian Society, 1909. 23 p. (Fabian Tract No. 146.) ("Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review,* 1894.")

SOCIALISM FOR MILLIONAIRES. London, The Fabian Society, 1901. 15 p. (Fabian Tract No. 107.) ("Reprinted from *Contemporary Review,* Feb., 1896.")

SOCIALISM: PRINCIPLES AND OUTLOOK. (Reprinted . . . from the "Encyclopedia Britannica," 14th edition, 1929) and FABIANISM (reprinted from the new edition of "Chamber's Encyclopedia" . . .) London, The Fabian Society, 1930. 20 p. (Fabian Tract No. 233.)

TO PROVIDENT LANDLORDS AND CAPITALISTS. London, George Standring, 1885. 4 p. (Attributed to Shaw.)

THE TRUE RADICAL PROGRAMME. Fabian Parliamentary League (No. 6). London, 1887. 12 p. (Attributed to Shaw.)

THE UNPROTECTED CHILD AND THE LAW. [London] Six Point Group [n. d.] 8 p.

VOTE! VOTE!! VOTE!!! [London, Fabian Society, 1892]. Broadside. (Fabian Leaflet No. 43.) (Attributed to Shaw.)

. . . WHAT BERNARD SHAW TOLD THE AMERICANS ABOUT RUSSIA! His famous broadcast . . . [London, Friends of the Soviet Union, 1932.] 15 p. (Caption-title: "A Little Talk on America.")

WHAT I SAID IN N. Z. . . . March 15th to April 15th, 1934. Wellington, N. Z., Commercial Prtg. and Pub. Co. of N. Z., Ltd., 1934. 32 p.

Original signed two-color

WOOD ENGRAVING of GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

by Frances O'Brien Garfield

as shown on this week's cover. Printed on fine art paper.

$5.00 per copy, postage prepaid.

READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
The Saturday Review of Literature
25 West 45 St., New York 19, N. Y.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 538)

HENLEY:
HAWTHORN AND LAVENDER

This world, all hoary
With song and story
Rolls in a glory
Of youth and mirth;

Above and under
Clothed on in wonder,
Sunrise and thunder,
And death and birth.

So take your pleasure,
.....
Use of your treasure
When birds sing best.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only a handful of men in the world have had access to the facts on which this book is based

Sumner Welles'

THE TIME *for* DECISION

The outcome of twenty-five years' active leadership in world affairs, THE TIME FOR DECISION is a first-person record of the men and events that have shaped world history since 1918—set down by one of the few people in the world who is qualified to appraise them. Sumner Welles reviews frankly the failures and achievements of those years, surveys the problems that must be solved in Europe, Latin America, Asia and at home, and, with the full force of his knowledge, insight and deep personal conviction, presents a detailed, workable pattern for establishing the machinery of international cooperation.

"Among the many documents in this controversy, [about America's role in world organization] THE TIME FOR DECISION is the most expert and the best informed . . . eloquent and often brilliant, a book of great importance, great scope and lively interest to every American who can see beyond his own front yard."—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY. $3.00

No part of this book has appeared in Mr. Welles' speeches or his newspaper columns.

The August Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Photographs and text skilfully combined in an entirely new form of biography

This story of Wilson's rise, triumph and defeat is told in a form that blends the qualities of entertainment, drama, historical exactness, with the excitement of history being made before one's eyes. Unique, stirring, timely . . . revealing as no other form of narrative could be. With 300 photographs. $2.00

WOODROW WILSON

As the Camera Saw Him Then
and as We Begin to See Him Today

By GERALD W. JOHNSON

With the collaboration of the Editors of LOOK

HARPER & BROTHERS • NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT SOCIALISM IS. [London, The Fabian Society, 1901] 4 p. (Fabian Tract No. 13.) "First issued 1890." (Attributed to Shaw.)

WOMEN AS COUNCILLORS . . . [London, The Fabian Society] 1900. 3 p. (Fabian Tract No. 93.) (Attributed to Shaw.)

Novels And Short Stories

THE ADMIRABLE BASHVILLE: OR, CONSTANCY UNREWARDED. London, Constable, 1909. 74 p.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK GIRL IN SEARCH FOR GOD. London, Constable & Co., Ltd. [1932]. 74 p.

CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION. A novel. [London] The Modern Press, 1886. 164 p. (First published in *To-day,* 1885-6.)

IMMATURITY. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1931. xliv, 413 p. "Written in 1879." (First published in "Limited Collection Edition" in 1930.)

THE IRRATIONAL KNOT. (Being the Second Novel of his "Nonage.") London, Archibald Constable & Co., 1905. xxvi, 422 p. (First printed as a serial in *Our Corner,* 1885-7.)

LOVE AMONG THE ARTISTS. 1900. Chicago, Herbert S. Stone & Co., 1905. viii, 433 p. (A pirated edition of this novel, first published serially in *Our Corner,* 1887-8, was issued by Stone in 1900.)

SHORT STORIES, SCRAPS, AND SHAVINGS. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1934. vii, 304 p.

AN UNSOCIAL SOCIALIST. London, Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co., 1887. 256 p. (First published in *To-day,* 1884.)

Letters

ELLEN TERRY AND BERNARD SHAW. A correspondence; ed. by Christopher St. John. London, Constable & Co., Ltd., 1931. xxx, 334 p.

FLORENCE FARR, BERNARD SHAW, AND W. B. YEATS. Ed. by Clifford Bax. Dublin, Ire., The Cuala Press, 1941. 84 p. (Letters from George Bernard Shaw and W. B. Yeats to Florence Farr.) "Five hundred copies printed."

LETTERS FROM GEORGE BERNARD SHAW TO MISS ALMA MURRAY. Edinburgh, 1927. 15 leaves. "Privately printed."

In the preparation of this bibliography, the following sources were consulted:

BATESON, F. W., ed. Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature. London, Cambridge University Press, 1940. v. III, p. 617-619.

BROAD, C. LEWIS. Dictionary to the plays and novels of Bernard Shaw, with bibliography of his works. . . . London, A. & C. Black, Ltd., 1929.

HENDERSON, ARCHIBALD. George Bernard Shaw; his life and his works. Cincinnati, Stewart & Kidd Co., 1911.

TARG, WILLIAM. Modern English first editions and their prices. . . . Chicago, Black Archer Press, 1932. p. 83-85.

WELLS, GEOFFREY H. A bibliography of the books and pamphlets of George Bernard Shaw; with occasional notes by G. B. Shaw, 1925-9. (Supplement to *Bookman's Journal.*)

MANLEY, JOHN M., AND RICKERT, EDITH. Contemporary British Literature. New York, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1935. p. 455-459.

ENGLISH CATALOGUE OF BOOKS.

UNITED STATES CATALOGUE OF BOOKS, AND SUPPLEMENTS.

A Death by Sweet Reason

PRELUDE TO SILENCE. THE END OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC. By Arnold Brecht. New York: Oxford University Press. 1944. 156 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

FROM this smoothly written and decent book two factors emerge. Dr. Arnold Brecht, who has been a high-ranking German civil servant for many years and who is now in this country, is a man of great integrity of character, excellent erudition, and considerate restraint in his judgments. His book is well documented and undoubtedly well intentioned. It is a book that every scholar dealing with German constitutional problems will read with interest and profit. But if Dr. Brecht has intended the book as an apology for German democracy,

I am afraid he will not have achieved his purpose with the great majority of his readers. His book impresses at least this reviewer as perhaps the most damning condemnation of German democracy. Many passages read almost like a satire. Nothing shows better the almost unbridgable gulf separating Germany's political concepts from those of the West. Even many of the most "liberal" Germans put upon the words "democracy" and "liberty" an interpretation which fits them into the German cultural and political tradition; it is one of the greatest obstacles to international understanding that the very same words carry entirely different connotations in the various languages.

Dr. Brecht tells the story of the sweet reasonableness by which the German Republic died an ignominious death, explained here by legal niceties, and not by the pernicious anemia of German democracy in a body built by Bismarck for the assertion of German power and preserved in the same intention by Ebert and Scheidemann. Dr. Brecht gives as broad a definition of democracy or liberalism as he gives a narrow one of fascism. Thus with him many Germans appear as democrats who never would be regarded as such abroad, while on the other hand he can rightly claim that the anti-democratic Germans—the vast majority of the people—were not strictly fascist or totalitarian before the fourth decade of this century. But they were faithfully inclined, at least since Bismarck, towards the loyal acceptance, if not the glorification, of authoritarianism and militarism. Unfortunately in the German tradition, infinitely more than in Italy, fascism or national-socialism found a well-prepared and fertile soil. And after April, 1933, when fascism officially triumphed, most of the Germans welcomed it enthusiastically, trusting in its strength and jubilantly expecting from it the reassertion of German supremacy and the undoing of the defeat of 1918. As far as there was any fighting against the victorious approach of national socialism it was conducted with the intention of taking the wind out of the fascist's sails by being at least as nationalistic as the National Socialists. The National Socialists triumphed in the thirties when the weaknesses of the Western democracies in enforcing the Treaty of Versailles and their disunity had become so apparent that the Germans—who in the twenties when the "hardships" of the Treaty still could be felt had accepted the Republic—decided that the moment had come for the overthrow of the Republic and the second great German war. What Hitler's actual intentions were and how he would respect the republican constitution and the peace of the world could in the beginnings of the thirties not be a matter of guesswork to any serious student of recent German history and trends of political thought. Dr. Brecht's careful and distinguished study sheds, in spite of its purely legalistic approach, much light on the character of German democracy.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 57

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 57 will be found in the next issue.

HKYXVDYULUBUZJ'Y BUOK Q YZHUDS FK RQD YKK VDBJ ZPK CUMMBK VT. LVZP KDMY QHK VAZ VT YUSPZ.

—RQYAQBY VT ZPK YKQ.

—FUBBUQC CRTKK.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 56

NO TERMS EXCEPT AN UNCONDITIONAL AND IMMEDIATE SURRENDER CAN BE ACCEPTED. —ULYSSES S. GRANT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coward-McCann, Inc.

Unique—and universal

EAST BY SOUTHWEST

By

CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

THE CONTENTS

B-24
A poet's impression of flight from America to war in the South Seas.

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME
Admiral de la Plante outdoes himself in providing recreational facilities for the new American Officers' Club.

IT'S PRETTY BIG
Seabee Roche Gurdon waits on a Pacific island for a letter from Lt. Turrell, Army Nurses Corps.

THE CAPTAIN SLEEPS
A "big-shot" from home finds himself in a Liberator bomber, dependent on a "baby boy."

HOW'RE THINGS AT HOME?
"No cuffs on trousers?" said the Corporal. "Boy, life must be terrible! No gas for the joy ride with the little woman!"

FATIGUE
Four miles down the road to the Navy camp was just too far for Lester Purdy to make it walking.

YOU PAY SOMETHING FOR EVERYTHING
Danny, skipper of the little mine-sweeper, knew that his own bad nerves were getting his crew on edge.

NO NEWS IS BAD NEWS
The Navy solves a morale problem, without letting the enemy in on it.

THE KNOWN AND THE UNKNOWN
Tough for the squadron at the airfield across the island . . . but it wasn't one of our boys.

LA POLITESSE DE MANNY SHEVLIN
A one-time sportswriter—full of opinions and Flatbush—comes up against himself in the Hotel Bilge.

BY WORD OF MOUTH
Ariane Le Gallien avenges her wounded vanity —and learns the truth about a man's heart.

"La Farge's stories of the Pacific are not merely journalism of an unusual sort, but they are also literature."—*Frederick Lewis Allen*

This collection of war stories set in the South Pacific is one of the first books of the war to combine the vividly realistic, factual reporting of the trained correspondent with that sense of larger reality caught by the inward eye of the creative writer. Christopher La Farge was the first so to use the technique of fiction. No other writer except John Hersey has yet used it in this war: to reveal the inner as well as the outer truths about men whose every conscious thought is conditioned by the fact of making war. Each story is a small masterpiece of observation and understanding, alive with the vital immediacy of the morning newspaper and with the timelessness of human nature. We believe this book to be the finest fiction the war has thus far produced. $2.50

COWARD-McCANN
2 West 45th Street, New York 19

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robust Story From a Robust Past

THE HISTORY OF ROME HANKS. By Joseph Stanley Pennell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 363 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

IT has been some time since we have had presented to us a first novel of the stature of "The History of Rome Hanks," or an American novelist gifted with such power and imagination. Joseph Stanley Pennell comes from a pioneer family and he was brought up in Junction City, Kansas, where the legends of a robust past were part of his heritage. His long novel completed, he enlisted. But before he was seized with the vision and compulsion to write "The History of Rome Hanks," he had graduated from the University of Kansas, had spent four years in Oxford, had worked on newspapers, and had taught schools. He must also have industriously and passionately studied the Civil War.

Mr. Pennell's protagonist, Robert Lee Harrington, whose mental qualities seem most closely to resemble the author's, asks himself at the beginning of the novel, "What am I? From what men and women have I sprung?" The novel ends with his birth, though his own adult years form a part of his chronicle, but it is almost entirely concerned with his grandfathers and great-grandfathers during and shortly after the Civil War, when they had settled down in small towns in the South and Middle West to continue their broken lives. Lee's ancestors had fought for the North and the South. The lusty and vivid chronicle of their struggles is translated by him as he heard it from the old men he sought as narrators, principally from a surgeon of an Iowa regiment whose account of his great-grandfather, Rome Hanks, begins with the bloody battle of Shiloh. Through a long night this stirring recital pours out of old Wagnall in an abandoned ancient Union Pacific caboose he had seized as his home, smelling of "coal oil lamps, cheap tobacco, and a certain old man stench." A second narrator is "old Uncle Pink," Lee's great uncle Pinkney Harrington who fought in a South Carolina regiment and who tells in gory detail of Pickett's charge at the battle of Gettysburg; a third source is his grandfather Tom Beckham, from a Philadelphia Quaker family who fought with the red-trousered Zouaves.

These men and their wives and their sons and their wives had entered the blood stream and the mind of Lee Harrington, had bequeathed to him his physical weaknesses, his vices and his virtues and had helped for seventy years to create the America we now live in and the young men now fighting in another great war.

Perhaps this method of telling a story, leaping through time and space, does not add to the clarity of Mr. Pennell's novel, but he has a gift, unrivalled among our younger writers, for narrative description that at times almost overwhelms the reader, and a remarkably varied vocabulary that does not hesitate to use the soldier's favorite four-letter word. In retrospect, his scores of characters, painted so vividly, are tragic figures, nearly all of them dead, their bones rotting in little village cemeteries, or ploughed into the mud of Southern battlefields. A deep cynicism, or is it only melancholy, seeps through his pages and is reflected in the foreword to some of his chapters.

Why did youth, pouring out of the cities and villages of the North and South, fight so bitterly the bloodiest war of history, knowing so little of what it was all about? Uncle Pink, speaking for the South, says,

> the boys of the big plantations got the pretty, pampered girls and rode the blooded hawses and wore the fine clothes. And the war was fought to save the hawses and gals and clothes for those same boys. But did Jud and Sion and me know that? Not on your life! We joined the old eighty-sixth North Carolina Infantry with the idea that we were a couple of fine knights like you read about in Sir Walter Scott's books.

And old Wagnall hisses through his broken teeth, "God help me, boy, I'm old and Catherine is dead and Dick's dead at Savage's Station and Clint Belton's dead in New England and

Una caught pneumonia in a topless Worth gown and died in Washington. Here," he said, pouring more whiskey into the communal goblet, "have a drink . . . so many are dead that were young . . ." and young Lee, the end product of them all, thinks of his own body in an astounding passage as the cordial host to millions of bacteria, "my tenement of clay is a cheap youth hostel for every invisible beast that divides into cells and whisks its tail in culture-broth."

Mr. Pennell owes little to any other writer who has appeared on the American scene. If there are echoes of William Faulkner and of Thomas Wolfe it is because of certain stylistic habits such as running words together, or leaving out quotation marks or, for his own purposes, joining chaotic fragments of narrative without chronological sequence. But he has added in this book a solid and memorable volume to the fictional history of America which began its first chapters a quarter of a century ago. It is easy to believe that he and his predecessors have been molding a form of literature that will be a permanent acquisition to world literature, a product as distinctly American and as apart from the literary language of other nations as America itself is from the European scene.

The Constant Heart

By Jeremy Ingalls

AS fail these patient hearts
So fail the eyes searching the heart's reflection;
But still to mirrored light a heart reports
While pulse, while breath retreat with air's defection.

Endures this unengendered,
Through ambushed doors to death but unsurrendered,
This heart called constant. Mirroring light lost,
Still behold resistant
This lithe, impatient ghost.

Though fail these patients hearts,
The captain lies. His brisk reports have tendered
Numberless lives lost. But none are lost.
Who may the constant heart accost,
The lithe, immortal ghost?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He dreamed of home and longed for it, day and night, for years. And now . . .

There's something wrong. He's changed . . . or it's changed . . . or else it hasn't, when it seems to him it should have changed.

The folks who haven't gone through what he's been through or seen the things he's seen . . . who haven't lived his life with its terrific extremes of hairstrung responsibility and fatalistic waiting; how can they understand?

They want to help; they hover over him with a frustrated, loving, puzzled concern that can find no outlet . . .

THE PROBLEM of the returning serviceman is with us right now. More than 1,300,000 men have already been discharged since we entered the war. The year of victory, not so far away now, will release them in a mighty flood.

Many of them will make their adjustments to civilian living without much trouble—but others, thousands of others, will pose for us a lot of questions that aren't just a matter of jobs.

Of course a good job for every veteran will make all the other questions easier to answer. But an office or a shop isn't a man's whole life.

There are, for instance, his women folks. And not only the obvious case in which a man's best girl has married someone else. Often his best girl, or his wife, has backed him to the hilt by taking a war job . . . and so she just isn't the little home girl he used to know. Or sometimes, he has taken his fun where he found it, and now he can't "settle to one."

Heartache, wrangles, disillusionment . . . it looks like another generation of "flaming youth" and "sad young men" ahead. Unless . . .

Unless we think hard and straight and fast *with our heads and our hearts*—think for them, for ourselves, and for America.

One way to start this thinking is to see the problem clear

Let's expect some of these servicemen to come home with special gripes against special classes of their fellow citizens—at businessmen for their "war profits," at labor for their "strikes against the war effort."

Let's expect others to be a little arrogant about the ways of "sloppy apathetic civilians" until they themselves can relax, feel at home in sports clothes again, stop wanting all of us to live on a brisk "spit and polish" routine all the time.

If the veteran's home is underprivileged—a slum tenement, a dingy miner's cottage, a sharecropper's shanty—let's expect he will see it with a new bitterness. (How do you expect a man to feel, after the Army's excellent food, when he finds the folks back home still on corn pone and fatback?)

Then take the job itself . . . even assuming he gets one quickly.

Let's not expect him to settle contentedly into a humble spot in a peacetime shop or office—when shoulder bars or sleeve stripes have given him a habit of command far beyond his years.

Men who have been doing tense, exciting work on ships, tanks, and planes are going to find it hard to get real satisfaction out of a humdrum job in a factory, office, or filling station. Radar technicians are going to take it hard when they find the peacetime world can use only a very few such experts after all their training. They are not going to like (any more than *you* would) the painful scraping of their square corners against the sides of round holes.

No—we can't expect just "employment" to take care of all the returning serviceman's troubles.

And unless we think now about how to untie or loosen some of these other knots for him we can expect some unhappy results . . . group pressures, shirt organizations . . . *a deep unrest that will darken the postwar world for all of us.*

What are you doing . . . what is your business or industry doing . . . to face these problems?

Are you using your *mindpower* . . . and generating mindpower around you . . . to make home less strange for the boys who are risking their lives to defend it?

Your heart tells you *something* must be done—is your head working on *what* should be done?

For example:

—Do you know what is in the "GI Bill of Rights" which wraps up all the proposals Congress has passed for helping veterans hit their civilian stride again? (Write the Government Printing Office in Washington for a copy.)

Have you read, **"Joe is Home Now,"** by John Hersey in Life's issue of July 3, 1944—**"When Uniforms Go In Moth Balls,"** Nation's Business, June, 1944—**"How to Treat Them,"** Reader's Digest, February, 1944—**"Do They Want the Old Jobs?,"** Business Week, April 29, 1944—**"GI Bill of Rights,"** TIME, April 3, 1944?

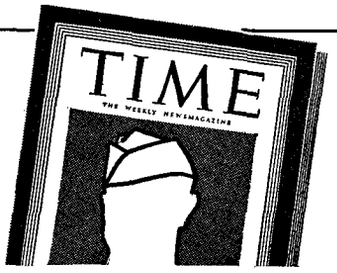
How about seeing your book dealer and getting a copy of **"When Johnny Comes Marching Home,"** by Dixon Wecter ($3.00, Houghton Mifflin)—or sending 25¢ to the Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, New York, for **"Educational and Social Adjustments after the War,"** by Morse A. Cartwright?

TIME believes America's greatest need, now and in the coming years, is for the sovereign people to make up their minds and speak them out.

To do so, citizens must keep themselves *informed.* So, in advertisements like this, TIME is seeking to encourage wide thinking and reading not only of the newspapers and TIME, but also of books and periodicals that argue the cases and advance the causes that are in the news.

For TIME's own future is unalterably linked to a U.S. citizenry deeply concerned about public affairs—to a nation insistent upon seeking the truth and learning from recorded experience.

This is the fourth advertisement of a series appearing in 40 newspapers from coast to coast. Its purpose is to get more Americans thinking. For 22 years that has been the job the editors of TIME have been trying to do in their editorial space. Now TIME harnesses the force of advertising to the same objective—to prepare the home front for the greatest mental battle Americans have ever had to fight.



The weekly NEWSMAGAZINE

9 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20

This and following announcements will appear in leading newspapers of: **New York, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Baltimore, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Rochester, Houston, South Bend, Seattle, Atlanta, Dallas, Grand Rapids, Des Moines, Salt Lake City, Buffalo, Portland, Wisconsin Rapids, Hartford.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. "Lucky" Goes to Sea

THE ADMIRAL. By Laurin Hall Healy and Luis Kutner. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1944. 317 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT G. ALBION

GEORGE DEWEY was nicknamed "Lucky" by his classmates at the Naval Academy. Luck helped him on several occasions during his career; he came unscathed through several hot actions in the Civil War; the guns of Corregidor failed to fire upon his squadron as it slid past; and the Samson-Schley controversy left him the undisputed popular hero of the Spanish-American War.

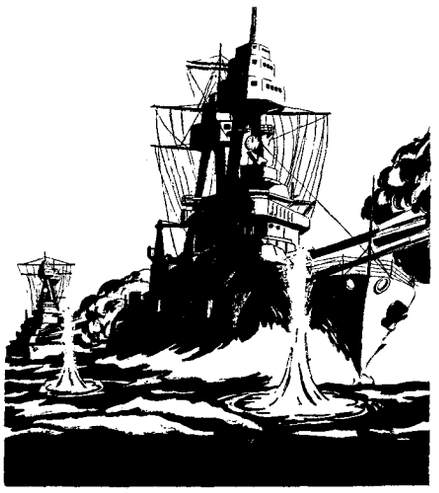
That luck, however, has deserted him in the matter of this present volume, which is the least adequate of all the recent contributions to naval biography. One has only to lay it alongside such an excellent work as Elting Morison's life of Admiral Sims to appreciate the difference in concept of the task, thoroughness of research, and artistry of presentation.

The bibliography of the Dewey volume is amazingly revealing, both for what it includes and what it omits. It is littered with obvious textbooks and reference works which could have only the most remote bearing on the subject. The most serious omission is the solid twenty-two-page article on "Dewey and the Germans at Manila Bay" which Thomas A. Bailey contributed to the *American Historical Review* in 1939. As Bailey's footnotes indicate, as he had combed the German and British naval and diplomatic archives as a basis for conclusions which considerably modify the old interpretation. The authors lay stress upon their utilization, for the first time, of a one hundred and ninety-seven-page manuscript account of the Philippine episode, drawn up in 1904 by Dewey's aide, Commander Nathan Sargent, and bearing Dewey's endorsement that it seemed "as correct as is possible in any historical account." Bailey, himself, had also had access to that source, and it also seems to have been drawn upon for Dewey's autobiography, written just before his death, with the assistance of Frederic Palmer.

Another serious omission from the bibliography, which would certainly have enriched the study, was the series of articles on the history of naval administration contributed by Charles O. Paullin to the United States Naval Institute Proceedings. They would certainly have made possible a more adequate account of Dewey's experience as Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and, even more, of his role as President of the General Board. There was a chance for a real contribution in an analysis of that latter role, but instead, the account is extremely meager and elusive. A thorough search of the General Board's records, in its formative years under Dewey, might have indicated whether he was a constructive leader, a figurehead, or a reactionary obstructionist such as Porter had been after the Civil War.

The authors have attempted to make this a "life and times," but the "times" part of the work has been clumsily done. Instead of a deftly created background of naval conditions, one finds undigested material thrown in without any obvious immediate relationship to Dewey. He had no direct connection with the *Monitor-Merrimac* fight nor the Santiago operations, yet several pages are devoted to each. The Paullin articles, moreover, could have provided a much more ample picture of the workings of the Navy.

The early portion of the book is the weakest. The climactic years, starting with Theodore Roosevelt's initiative as Assistant Secretary and continuing to Dewey's return home, are at least told in an interesting fashion, and furnish a few new details even though they add little to the general story. The



principal new evidence is introduced in the post-Philippine period, but, aside from the fiasco in connection with the Presidency, most of the material deals with the private life of the Deweys and their social triumphs in Washington. The chapter on Mrs. Dewey is particularly interesting in that respect. The chief inaccuracy noticed was the $300,000,000 naval budget during the dark ages after the Civil War—the amount should be divided by ten. Finally, the book reveals a new distinction for Dewey—during his bureau days at the Department, he is credited with having introduced the drinking of Scotch whiskey to Washington.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

BOOKS WITHIN BOOKS

In this week's quiz there are described ten characters who were concerned, in one way or another, with books. How many of them do you remember? Allowing 5 points for each character you can name, and another 5 for the story in which he appeared or the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 39.

1. From constantly turning to "Robinson Crusoe" for comfort, advice, and spiritual guidance, this butler had worn out six stout copies and was beginning on the seventh.

2. Ensconced in a sawdust box in his father's stable, this youthful author from time to time penned chapters on "Harold Ramorez, the Road-agent, or Wild Life Among the Rocky Mountains."

3. He never wrote the story, but somewhere in the vaults of the bank of Cox and Company, at Charing Cross, this blessed biographer has the notes of "The Case of Wilson, the Notorious Canary Trainer."

4. Because the head of Charles 1 kept bobbing up in this gentleman's "Memorial," he used the spoiled MS sheets for kite paper.

5. A prodigious guzzler himself, this extremely stout amateur detective spent his spare moments writing a book tentatively titled "Drinking Customs of England from the Earliest Times."

6. After squandering the last of his fortune, this young man about town turned to writing for a living and present acquired wealth and fame with the publication of a novel called "Walter Lorraine."

7. By judicious trading of fish hooks and whatnot, this boy accumulated enough Sunday School tickets (awarded for memorizing verses from the Bible) to win a Bible.

8. This preacher's strict views on monogamy, expressed in a pamphlet, so annoyed his son's prospective father-in-law (already courting a fourth wife) that the match was broken off.

9. To calm the nerves of her female relatives while their men were out Ku Klux Klanning, she read "Les Miserables" aloud.

10. "The Duke's Daughter" paid the butcher's bill, "A Phantom Hand" put down a new carpet, and "The Curse of the Coventrys" proved the blessing of this author's family in the way of groceries and gowns.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rosy View of a Changing Russia

RUSSIA AND THE PEACE. By Sir Bernard Pares. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 293 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

RUSSIA through British glasses! Sir Bernard, an eminent authority on Russia, is convinced that victory or defeat in the coming battle of the peace will depend on whether or not the Anglo-American nations will understand the U.S.S.R. and coöperate with her. His main theme is that Russia no longer exports communism and that she possesses in Stalin a great national leader.

Quite a number of British prophets have cried in the wilderness about Russia and the future. There was Sir Halford Mackinder's "Democratic Ideals and Realty" of 1918, still enamored with the cordon sanitaire—buffer state—solution. Professor Carr, socialist, economist, and my favorite detective story writer, produced his brilliant "Russia, Europe, and the Future." And now another Britisher presents a small but important volume of loosely knit essays. He came to America to write them and to lecture on Russia, as if he felt that the people of this country at present need such enlightenment more than his own countrymen.

"Russia and the Peace" is about the internal transformation of Russia of which the outside world still knows hardly anything. This ignorance need not surprise us. In 1918, we sought safety by shutting our eyes to Russia and left her out. But "there is no security in evasion." One of Sir Bernard's essays bears the ominous title: "How to Make a New War." With Russia his domain since he graduated from Cambridge more than forty years ago, Sir Bernard feels deeply that he has a mission to help to prevent a new catastrophe by telling the truth about Russia. He tells it in a spirit which can be described best by a tribute once paid to Ambassador Davies by President Kalinin: "All the worst you have had to say, you have said to us, and the best that you have had to say, you have said to our enemies."

These thirty-three essays illuminate the Russian scene better than many voluminous books. They trace the transformation of the Russian Revolution and of Stalin, still "entrenched in suspicions and prejudices which are not those of a world revolutionary but of the ruler of Russia." Marxism in the U.S.S.R. has adapted itself to a changing world environment and Pares finds the former world revolutionists more easily in America than in Russia. "Russia and Religion," originally published in *Foreign Affairs*, is a classic; Russia, according to Pares, "has remained the most religious country in Europe." Another essay deals with the settlement of the multinational question. In bringing all its about 180 national groups into active participation in the federative system, the U.S.S.R. has succeeded in unifying the vast continent; on this basis, her human masses created a new kind of patriotism which united every one of her nationalities in the same interest to defend the common heritage. Other chapters take up the Polish problem (with some plain warnings against a shortsighted Polish policy in favor of a cordon sanitaire against Russia). We are shown the "Gates of Leningrad," its population growing from 1,600,000 in 1926 to 3,200,000 in 1939. Leningrad's problems can be better appreciated by Americans if they imagine Chicago, shelled for a year from the neighborhood of Evanston, nearly encircled but still pressing on the hectic work of munitions. There is a good essay on small and big nations which brings out the obvious, yet often neglected fact that most of the state systems in eastern and southeastern Europe differ basically from those of western and northern Europe with their roots far back in the past. Russia's interests in Turkey, Iran, and India are treated from the standpoint of a British Liberal who feels that "any step which leads to the full satisfaction of Indian wishes is likely to improve greatly the relations between Russia and England." "Russia and Germany": it may be reckoned a certainty that Germany will embark again on the march toward economic penetration of Russia. "The question is whether we shall spoil our chances, too. Or whether we shall simply go to sleep again. I am afraid it is quite likely."

But it is not in European Russia that we must seek the center of the Soviet Union's new and growing power. Sir Bernard writes with fascination of Siberia, the Russian Middle West, a second North America in the making. "The more I read of the history of the American march westward, the more I think of the Siberian march eastward, and some day I hope the two will meet for mutual exchange and mutual benefit. Peter the Great's instruction to Bering: 'Go and find out if Asia joins on America,' has shown that the two countries are next door to each other."

Sir Bernard Pares

Sir Bernard's essays tell, of course, not the whole story of the new U.S.S.R. He does not say much about the crucial problem of her present and future relations to China. And some readers will find his general appraisal sometimes too rosy and optimistic. I don't think it is. At any rate, Sir Bernard has given us a great human interest story about 175 million neighbors in our own backyard. Twenty-five years hence they might number 250 million. Which is something to ponder about.

LEVELLER MANIFESTOES
of the
Puritan Revolution
Edited by DON M. WOLFE
Author of *Milton in the Puritan Revolution*
New York University
with a foreword by **Charles A. Beard**
Nineteen complete documents with commentaries.
Introduction to the growth of Leveller thought.
Beard: "An indispensable part of the whole record representing the struggle for constitutional government from Magna Carta to our own age . . . an enduring contribution." $5.00
THOMAS NELSON AND SONS
385 Madison Avenue **New York**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A "Fresh Start" in Economics

THE THEORY OF ECONOMIC PROGRESS. By C. E. Ayres. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1944. 317 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY HAZLITT

THIS is a strange and yet familiar book. Like a hundred other volumes of recent years, it sets out to destroy "classical" economics. Mr. Ayres, who is Professor of Economics at the University of Texas, begins by assuming that economics is today in "general disrepute" and that what is needed is "a fresh start." He disposes of his predecessors in no timid or retail fashion. The "fatuity" of Boehm-Bawerk's theory of capital and interest, for example, "is so extreme that it would be apparent to the most elementary student," and is so apparent to Mr. Ayres that he doesn't waste three paragraphs in refuting it to his own satisfaction. Gresham's Law that bad money drives out good, cited approvingly in almost every textbook and history of money, is "plainly false" —and Mr. Ayres only needs three rapid sentences to explain why. Gathering momentum, he tells us that "All that was added in the last third of the nineteenth century (to classical value theory) was the resolution of the want-satisfying quality into infinitesimal increments for purposes of mathematical treatment." This gets rid of more than thirty years of thought in fewer than thirty words. But why is Mr. Ayres wasting his time on details? "The absurdities of traditional theory," he concludes sweepingly, "are only too apparent."

What has Mr. Ayres to offer in exchange? It is a new theory of economic value, which he tells us is implicit in the theories of Thorstein Veblen and John Dewey. Mr. Ayres's reasoning on this point seems to me so dark and confused that I am not certain that I can do it justice; but as nearly as I can make out he is saying that value lies not in our own wishes or desires but in machines.

> It is the technological continuum which is, and has always been, the locus of value. . . . "Value" means continuity, literally; and that is its sole meaning. . . . All that man has done and thought and felt has been achieved by the use of tools. The continuity of civilization is the continuity of tools. . . . For every individual and for the community the criterion of value is the continuation of the life-process—keeping the machines running.

Regardless, apparently, of what they turn out. Machines, one gathers, are not to be judged by the extent to which they forward the welfare of humanity, but as ends of their own—or rather as wonderful means to still more wonderful means. Tools exist to make tools to make tools. If we only keep redoubling our efforts we can forget our aim. His theory of progress inevitably recalls the old song, "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way!"

Mr. Ayres is a man of wide learning, or at least of wide allusions. He has at least dipped into a lot of the "classical" economic volumes of the last decades, and can talk knowingly of painting, music, inventions, folklore, and philosophy. He has taken from Veblen a persistent tone of irony and a love of paradox. He seems constantly delighted by his own cleverness, and is certain that his own outlook is as up-to-date as it can possibly be, while other economists still grope in the mists of outworn superstition. He seems, indeed, less eager to understand economics than to prove that others have not understood it. If he can prove that a present idea in economics resembles a past idea he seems to think that he has proved it must be false—as if truth depended on the calendar, and if two plus two was thought to equal four in the eighteenth century that answer must be wrong now. At times he affects a tone of Olympian detachment and scientific exactness, but will break out suddenly with something vehement, then return to his Olympian mood and complain that "Economic controversy now seems to be rising to a higher pitch of violence than ever before."

For a Young Soldier

By Babette Deutsch

UNDER this canopy of lozenged luminous
Green shadow, the single noise
Above the surflike whisper of the scythe
Is the cicada's voice grinding the silence
To a sharper point.
Tall summer lays
Her bandage on the world's wound, here all but leeches
Pain from the thought of you, walled in with war,
Lost to all the sweetness summer says.
How to reach you?
The question throbs under the quiet
Like the nerve under a scar.
There are steel arms
Thrown across continents, and under
Murderous waters land is roped to land.
The wide air's thick with words.
But none will find you
Wherever you are, the strange gun in your hand,
Or at ease in unknown streets where strangers do not mind you,
Or lying with sealed lids in your barrack bed.
Do you dream of what lies behind you
Or ahead?
Between us now are more than mountains,
More than the dividing river of the years.
How can a woman scale this wall, this war?
Or pierce its iron
Though with all the tools of love?
Here branching shadows hide it like a vine,
But it stands blank and stern beyond remove,
And you behind it, living as a soldier,
Disciplined
To weary waste, to drudgery or worse,
Must live his fractured hours.
And if the wall comes down, it will be there
Still, in a gesture of your empty hand
Or in your wordless frown.
Having this knowledge, I dream of our meeting
In a world without walls,
Where trees drop leafy peace as rich as this,
And the long-lived cicadas sing their song
Untouched by human wonder and despair.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wheels Within Argentine Wheels

ARGENTINA: Pivot of Pan-American Peace. By Henry Albert Phillips. New York: Hastings House. 1944. 241 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER

IF like her sister republics Argentina has no great deposits of minerals, her main sources of wealth are corn, wheat, and meat, and if she cannot sell them, economic ruin and revolution inevitably follow; therefore, her entire diplomacy and international action must be aimed at maintaining her markets. The United States is not one of her best customers for we produce the same staples. In addition, the Argentine considered our methods unfair, and when we refused entry to her meat because of hoof and mouth disease, she thought it was a shoddy subterfuge, as seventy-five per cent of the "Roast Beef of Old England" was bred and butchered in the Argentine, and she realized that the exclusion of her product was caused by our Western cattlemen who maintained a strong lobby in Washington. This slap at her pride and her pocketbook at the same time still rankles deeply.

Since the Argentine regards herself as the leader of South America, she resents the pouring of arms, aeroplanes, and lend-lease money into Brazil, her only rival, for she fears that country will not only overshadow her importance after the war, but may possibly be in a position to attack and defeat her. To prepare for this emergency she is attempting to unite her neighbors—Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay, and Chile—not only against Brazil, but against the United States as well. This explains the sub-title of Mr. Phillips's book, "Pivot of Pan-American Peace," for it is a foregone conclusion that, if Argentine succeeds in her plans, Pan-Americanism will be a thing of the past.

Argentina stayed out of the last war, and realizing the advantages, decided to stay out of the present one. England has been her friend and best customer for over a century, helped her to secure her freedom from Spain, supplied the capital and engineers to build her railroads and public service corporations, demonstrated how she could grade up her cattle, and market her meat; therefore, amity and business with England make the country pro-Ally, but the innate distrust and dislike of the United States give her a pro-Nazi slant.

Her leaders have attempted to justify their neutrality by insisting that the threat of a Nazi attack on any part of the Americas was a myth; that this war will bring no more permanent peace than the last; and that the plea of defending democracy is a mere slogan, in view of the fact that many of the Allies are dictator-nations. This is the essential of Argentine's side of the quarrel, as stated by the author. He makes various constructive suggestions, and the early completion of the Pan-American Highway is one.

Written in brisk journalese, "Argentina; Pivot of Pan-American Peace" is loosely organized and repetitive. It is impossible to read it, however, without realizing its author's deep and sympathetic concern with his subject. He has rendered a service in making comprehensible those mysterious barriers—racial, psychological, economic, and political—that separate us; barriers that must be known before they can be overcome.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Gabriel Betteredge, in "The Moonstone," by Wilkie Collins.
2. Penrod Schofield, in "Penrod," by Booth Tarkington.
3. Dr. Watson, in "The Adventure of Black Peter," by Conan Doyle.
4. Mr. Dick, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
5. Dr. Fell, in "The Mad Hatter Mystery" and other novels by John Dickson Carr.
6. Arthur Pendennis, in "Pendennis," by Wm. Thackeray.
7. "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.
8. Dr. Primrose, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith.
9. Melanie Wilkes, in "Gone With the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell.
10. Jo March, in "Little Women," by Louisa May Alcott.

The Alaska Country

FAR NORTH COUNTRY. By Thames Williamson. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1944. 236 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING
Governor of the Territory of Alaska.

A VERSATILE and experienced literary craftsman has here highlighted the existing material about Alaska's history, geography, topography, and some of its people in a colorful and readable compendium. It suffers from serious errors of fact which tend to discredit the entire book. Mr. Williamson's informant on the impact of the Second World War on Alaska has shot very wide of the mark.

Mr. Williamson states: "On the day that Pearl Harbor was attacked we had less than 300 soldiers in Alaska and by way of artillery some antiquated cannon inherited from Baranof."

Like all the rest of the United States, it is true that Alaska was not adequately prepared. But there were approximately 25,000 soldiers in Alaska on December 7, 1941—and modern artillery. For instance, at Fort Mears, the Army base protecting Dutch Harbor, which was the farthest west of the three prewar-authorized Naval stations on which construction had begun, the Army alone had 3,800 coast artillerymen who manned four 6-inch guns, twelve 3-inch, and fifty 37 mm. antiaircraft. There were substantially larger forces at Fort Greeley and Fort Richardson, and additional troops in a score of other places. Neither did the Japs seize the Pribilof Islands, as Mr. Williamson informs us. There are other factual errors not merely relating to the war, but there is no point in enumerating them.

However, the most serious over-all error, in this reviewer's judgment, lies in including "Far North Country" in the American Folkways Series. It follows such regional publications as "Piñon Country," "Ozark Country," "Blue Ridge Country," "Mormon Country," etc. which, according to the jacket prospectus, aim to reveal America through the summation of the various local indigenous cultures.

A book on Alaska as a whole, treated as in "Far North Country," does not fit into any such pattern. Several important and diverse Alaskan cultures merit separate treatment. We should, for instance, have "Totem Country" for the Indians of southeastern Alaska, and "Eskimo Country" to include the wide diversities of whale and walrus hunting and ivory carving Eskimos of the North Bering Sea and Arctic coasts, and the Eskimo salmon fishermen, muskrat and caribou hunters of the Kobuk, Yukon, and Kuskokkin rivers.

The Aleut people along the Alaska Peninsula and adjacent islands are worthy of separate treatment—and a fascinating book it could be. And last but not least, "Sourdough Country" would deal with one of the most interesting and dramatic epochs and its people in the great American adventure—the gold rushers who came and are still hoping to strike it. None of these cultures gets much more than passing mention in "Far North Country" which is not about any of them.

Mr. Williamson, the author of a superlative race-character study in novel form, "Sad Indian," would be thoroughly qualified to write any of these and could do the job superbly—but not without working at it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Women in North China

THE GOBI DESERT. By Mildred Cable, with Francesca French. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 301 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by W. H. HINDLE

IT may be assumed from internal evidence that Miss Cable and Miss French are elderly Englishwomen. They tell us that they lived more than twenty years in the Shansi Province of North China and then many years more as itinerant missionaries in the Gobi desert; and they mention by the way an eventual return to London. That, however, is virtually all they tell us of themselves. For the rest, their book is a record of things and persons seen and known. The record was written in the "detached monotonous life" of South Lake, where "the passing of an age made less impression than does the flight of a day in the restless changing West." It has the artless, formless, and genuine character of conversational reminiscence. It is a remarkable record in itself. It becomes an astonishing record when we stop to reflect on its authors. Other women, and perhaps especially other Englishwomen, have lived and traveled in strange lands, from Lady Hester Stanhope in Kinglake's time to Freya Stark in our own. None has ever made a journey in a more remote and inaccessible corner of the world, nor with such a complete absence of self-consciousness.

The two deserts of Gobi and Lob, nearly six million square miles in extent and never touching a seacoast, are a principle feature of the story. They are not, as the films unfortunately tend to make all deserts appear, just mile after mile of rolling sand dunes. On close acquaintance, their apparently monotonous outlines develop a "subtly changing aspect" and "highly distinctive detail." Carters, who travel the desert regularly, "can tell if the stones of the road have been disturbed." The stones themselves vary so much that pebbles can be traced to their original location. Even the dust could be recognized. Wool buyers at Ansi "would take a handful of the wool, shake the dust from it and know by the feel of that dust if the sheep had grazed on mountain pastures, lowland grass or steppeland."

It is probable that motor car and aeroplane have now changed travel fashions in the Gobi, as in other of the world's deserts. In Miss Cable's time, however, the only mode of travel was still a medieval cart, which had to be most exactly packed and balanced; the pace was still the walking pace of three miles an hour for a ten-hour day. This pace made it possible to pass in a day's journey from one oasis to the next, for many years ago the Chinese had somehow discovered wells at just such distances. It was also "the pace for talk. . . . The human body, having found its natural swing, becomes strangely unconscious of itself. . . . The wayfarer learns to be independent of the calendar, for the moon is his time-measurer. . . . He has no road-map, but his course is true, for the stars are his guide."

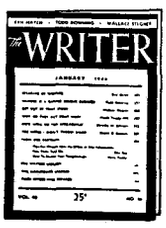
At this pace, Miss Cable and Miss French had time to observe in minute detail not only the landscape, but the peoples and people of the oases, the deserts and the towns through which they moved. The towns were of strange names and stranger character—Urumchi, Barkul, Pichan. The peoples were Mongols, Tungans, Turkis, and Chinese, each sharply differentiated from the other even when they shared the same religious creed. Miss Cable gives details of their social life, their beliefs, and their past which must be of unique value to the historian. At home "in a crowded *serai,* a Mongol *yurt,* a Siberian *izba,* a Chinese courtyard, a mud shack, a camel driver's tent, or the palace of a Khan," she was able to see the daily life of each, particularly insofar as it affected the women.

She also tells in detail for the first time of the effect of one of China's civil wars on the common man. By chance, she was traveling in and near Sinkiang at the time of General Ma's Moslem revolt and was held in his camp by force to give medical aid. He left her unharmed, but "in one resisting town after another every male over fourteen years of age was slaughtered, boys under fourteen were taken over by the army to be trained as little orderlies, and the young women were left to the pleasure of the soldiers." A comparison with the Japanese occupation of China inevitably springs to mind.

The people, that is the individuals, whom Miss Cable met, were not less interesting than the races. And all of them, admirable and less admirable, so sympathetically is their story told and so true does it ring, fit naturally into this fascinating mosaic of a life which the mainstreams of modern history have hitherto passed by.

It ISN'T EASY TO WRITE for PUBLICATION

Editors' standards are high. Plotting, characterization, exposition, research and marketing require all the skill you can acquire. The WRITER, the literary workers' magazine, will open your eyes to editors' requirements and help you to meet them. All articles in The WRITER are by first rank authors and editors: Louis Paul, August Derleth, Wallace Stegner, Marc A. Rose, etc. HOW to write; WHERE to sell: THE WRITER tells you both.



Monthly lists of manuscript markets and prize offers.

Special Introductory Offer
5 months of THE WRITER for $1.00
(Regular rate $3.00 a year)
Mail this ad with $1.00 to
THE WRITER
9 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SWORD OF FATE *Dennis Wheatley* (Macmillan: $2.50)	British officer-under-a-cloud goes through Libyan and Greek campaigns and rehabilitates self at tragic cost.	Interesting and colorful summing up of warfare in North Africa and Greece. Plot rather machine made—with some exciting situations.	Average
INTRIGUE FOR EMPIRE *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.)	Nazi plans to take over U. S. via Mexico thwarted by secret services of two nations plus young newspaper gal.	Plentiful action, plot that resembles other spy yarns, attractive hero, and satisfactorily villainous furriners.	Another spy story
THE HOUSE THAT HATE BUILT *Sara Elizabeth Mason* (Crime Club: $2.)	Two Southerners perish and one almost dies in case motivated by family hatreds. Local detective solves it.	Capably plotted, with some rather surprising situations, interesting characters, and a loose end or two.	Average
DARK VOYAGE *Hugh Addis* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Liner bound from Hawaii to U. S. (pre-war) scene of murders and attempts soundly solved by perceptive sleuth.	Among the most satisfying of sea-going murder yarns. Tragic females, tough youngsters, vanishing corpses, and all that.	Good

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Phoenix Nest

Primary Day in Georgia

HE had two stars from the South Pacific,
But he couldn't vote when he got back.
His sin against Man was too terrific:
His face was black.

Everywhere there was oily politeness,
And no Jap near to cut your throat;
And those who remained at home in their whiteness
Had their vote.

But not for his color was even forgiven
The Librarian or the Ph. D.—
Though we're fighting everywhere under heaven
For Democracy.

The Election Boards were in fine fettle,
The electoral votes were all assured. . . .
Far off, on islands, men met hot metal,
And strove and endured;

Black men with white men fought the devil,
Brothers in wounds knew the worth of each;
For soldiers are strictly on the level
On a shell-torn beach.

So let us remember United Nations
And the People's World that we hope may be. . . .
Please don't dwell upon Race Relations
In the Land of the Free!

The following letter comes to me from Evelyn M. Rutherford of Toledo, Ohio:

I have just read your comments in The Phoenix Nest (SRL—June 24) on Mr. McCant's remarks about the poll tax. I, too, think that abolition of the poll tax is necessary. But more than this tax, as a deterrent to democratic exercise of the franchise, and as a factor in maintaining the "regrettable one-party system . . . in the Southern States" stands our out-moded electoral system. I firmly believe that general interest in voting in the South—and, indeed, throughout the country—would experience an upsurge should each citizen realize that his vote will count in the total. Why should a Southern Republican or Independent, for instance, bother to vote in a Presidential election when he knows perfectly well where the electoral votes of his state will be cast?

We hear much today about "winning the war, but losing the peace." I'd like to have some discussion of our own American example of that unhappy circumstance. For if ever a peace was lost, it was that won by our Civil War. The bloc of Southern States which today keeps alive such slogans as "white supremacy" are surely lost as American communities.

And it is not only in their handling of race problems that they fail to grow with the rest of the country. Their whole economy and educational systems are as retarding for the whites as for the blacks. How can we go about finishing the business of reconstruction which has lagged for eighty years?

One of the ways that we at home can try to get things done in any part of the country is to have an open forum on these questions. My own faith is that Americans anywhere in this country only need to be prodded out of lazy acquiescence to the pronouncements of the ranters and mad dogs and narrow-minded nincompoops in politics. The American judgment is fundamentally decent and sound. But folkways are often formed according to the stupidity and prejudice of the earthworms, not of the civilized majority.

I strive for exactitude but do not often attain it. Datus C. Smith, Jr., of the Princeton University Press, gives me the precise dope on a book I recently mentioned:

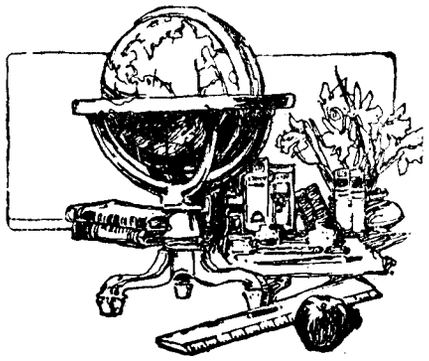
> We country boys receive our copies of the *SRL* some days after our brothers in Manhattan. Therefore many readers have undoubtedly anticipated me in telling you that the author of "Poe's Run and Other Poems" was M'Cready Sykes, New York lawyer, former Idaho fruit grower, former journalist, and orthographically distinguished by that use of the apostrophe instead of a lower case *c* in his first name.

Will Ransom of the University of Oklahoma Press (famous for publishing "Ziba" by James Pipes) opines:

> If you or your correspondents are interested in further data on "John-a-Dreams," Mr. John J. Cornell, Room 1211, 350 Madison Avenue, New York City, printed the magazine and talks amusingly about it. And if you care for typographical ephemera, he issues annually "Ye Occasional Idler" which you might—or might not—enjoy.

Dorcas Campbell of Washington Square, this city, supplies an interesting story:

> Elinor Wylie was not to be the first to be horrified to find that she had written a love story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor. Her discovery that Charles Major had also told the love story can be matched by *his* horror at the time his book was on the press and its publication was being anticipated by advance advertising.
>
> While it was on the press the author ran across a little leather cov-



ered book dealing with the same episode, and for a time was distressed lest the charge of plagiarism should assail him. Fortunately it was found that the novelist of 212 years before had told an entirely different story and one much less readable and interesting.

Hector Fuller in a syndicated article in 1898 wrote:

"Before me lies open a little leather bound book, its binding frayed and worn, its leaves ragged and stained with age and as one turns the pages there comes therefrom a faint, musty, but not disagreeable odor. On the title page one may see in that quaint heavy faced type of the fashion of long ago, its esses like f's, the following:

'The Illustrious Lovers, or Princely Adventure in the Courts of England and France containing sundry intrigues, Noble Enterprises and Gallantry, being an Historical account of the Famous Loves of Mary Sometime Queen of France (daughter of Henry VII) and Charles Brandon, the Renowned Duke of Suffolk.

'Discovering the Glory and Grandeur of Both Nations. Written Originally in France and now done into English. London. Printed for William Whitwood, next door to the Crown Tavern in Duck Lane, near West Smith-Field 1686. . . . It is probably the very first novel ever written, having for its theme one of the most ardent romances in all history . . . love stories never grow old and romances with an historical setting have ever been the worthiest romances, and so it is little wonder that there has been found a modern chronicler to give us the true and romantic story of the Love of Mary Tudor and the Duke of Suffolk'."

Mr. Walbridge is correct in his statement that Charles Major at one time proposed the name of his romance to be "Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk." The original title proposed by Charles Major, however, was "Sundays." This title he chose because his book was written on Sundays, and this can be verified by an examination of his first interviews, and by literary friends such as Meredith Nicholson, who had known him from the days of his early fame. It is true that the title goes on. Within a fortnight the title of the book was used by a cartoonist, Dale Messick in "Brenda, Star Reporter." Brenda presented the book to a man who seemed to be unconscious of the fine arts of chivalry.

Walbridge corrects himself concerning the publisher of Major's novel. It was Bowen-Merrill. Bobbs came into the picture later. "The Gentle Armour," says Walbridge, in the Leigh Hunt poem was the lady's chemise (shift) which the knight, who stuck so firmly to his friends, wore in combat. Earle says he also has a copy of "The Viper of Milan" and of Mary Johnston's "The Long Roll" (so have I). He read the latter at fifteen, and it had so hypnotic an effect upon him that he would gaze for minutes at a time at the final N. C. Wyeth painting in the book, called "The Vedette."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. No accommodations before Sept. 6.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

YOUR HANDWRITING discloses the real "You." Send sample and $1.00. Box 513-J.

THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine. A Pension near the sea for those who want informal tranquillity. Weekly rates, $35.

BUSINESS WOMAN, Midwest, single, extremely occupied with job, would like to exchange letters with man, fiftyish, sixtyish, New England preferred, who has sense of humor, mellow-minded, and interested in fine art of living. Correspondence friendship not romantics object. Box 824-J.

NEW YORK STATE damsel, thirtyish, attractive, educated, versatile, challenges a tall, healthy, unattached, educated gentleman, thirtyish, with sense of humor, to correspond if he too enjoys literature, theatre, nature, sports, traveling, the bizarre. Box 827-J.

ATTRACTIVELY FURNISHED artist's home and twelve-acre estate for rent one year October first. $150 monthly. Seven rooms, three bathrooms, swimming pool. Telephone for appointment, Croton-on-Hudson 666 (N.Y.).

NEW YORKER, 55, pleasant housekeeper looking for pleasant work. Full charge gentleman's home. Salary reasonable. Part time considered. Box 828-J.

TRAINED LIBRARIAN with several years public and extension experience desires change of position. Box 829-J.

IMMIGRANT WRITER needs collaborator (language correction, stenography, typing). Box 830-J.

GENTLEMAN, fortyish, in California, seeks interesting correspondence. Box 831-J.

COTTAGE WANTED, August 5-20, environs, N.Y.C. Accessible train, bus, stores. Rent or share. Box 832-J.

LONELY MAN, anxious to correspond with genteel, mature woman. Box 833-J.

MAN OF INTELLIGENCE and maturity would enliven occasional "tedium vitae" by correspondence with charming female. Box 834-J.

INTERESTING WORK wanted by energetic, enthusiastic man experienced in graphic arts and selling. Box 835-J.

RE: Charming lassie with dash and joie de vivre. Would like to share her thoughts on music, plays, and this topsy-turvy world. Box 836-J.

FLIGHTY FEMALE engaged in dignified profession will certainly go to pieces unless frivolous antidote by correspondence is applied—but quick. Box 838-J.

INTERESTING POSITION, editorial, research, or secretarial, 2-3 days weekly, desired by experienced B.A. Box 839-J.

YOUNG LADY would enjoy hearing from cultured eastern gentleman. Box 840-J.

ATTRACTIVE N.Y.C. miss seeks weekend haven. Reasonable, or exchange typing. Box 841-J.

PERSONALS

COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS, portrait painters, attention: Model, petite, size 9, extremely photogenic. Box 842-J.

PICARESQUE, a novel by Richardson Savelle. By its sublime appeal and literary excellence intrinsically worth $35.00, 12 cents separate pages. Box 43-J.

GENTLEMAN, fortyish, profoundly interested in current affairs and human relationship, would hear from progressive, articulate, charming woman, preferably N. Y. State. Box 853-J.

LIBRARIAN wants position, college or public, preferably New England. Experience government documents, circulation, reference, cataloguing, periodicals. Box 783-J.

SOUTHERNER, sedate, studious, seeks correspondence with sincere, feminine girl, thirtyish. Box 843-J.

YOUNG MAN, twentyish, bored and lonely, would like stimulating and provocative correspondence with intelligent members of opposite sex. Box 844-J.

GENTLEMAN of character, education, appearance, and success would welcome correspondence from intelligent, youthful, beautiful lady under 45. Box 845-J.

WANTED: Anything by H. L. Mencken. Specify titles and prices. Box 846-J.

STAY-AT-HOME girl war worker, twentyish, dreams of postwar travel. Do others dream too? Please write. Box 847-J.

MIDDLEAGED WOMAN wants full charge running home, therefore prefers widower. Excellent references, agreeable personality, good cook, driver. Can go anywhere. Prefers California. Box 848-J.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, writing unusual book, needs help of a successful writer. Box 849-J.

HOUSEKEEPER wanted for bachelor's 17th floor sumptuous New York apartment. Write fully. Box 850-J.

YOUNG MAN, thirtyish, unable to get around freely, desires correspondence with young lady. Box 851-J.

TWO MISSES would like correspondence with teen-age lad. Box 852-J.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL MAN seeks correspondence with budding female lawyers. Box 855-J.

A DANISH MISS wishes pen friends. Box 856-J.

WOULD MODERATELY successful woman, twentyish, correspond with attractive young man. Interested in books, amateur dramatics, dancing, science. Box 857-J.

LITERARY CONTEST: Open to amateurs and professionals. Long stories, $25. Short stories, $20. Light essays or sketches, $20. Poems, $20. Send for rules, or address manuscripts now to "The Villager," Bronxville, New York.

POSITION AVAILABLE in long-established Chicago office for a college graduate (man or woman) who is an able writer and a competent editor. Permanent position. Experience essential. State present salary and qualifications. Box 858-J.

LADY WANTS correspondence in French, Spanish, English, with lady, not young, not dull. Also offers residence, unusual, lovely, fine beach. Box 859-J.

THE PADDOCK," Boyertown, Pennsylvania. A delightful, informal Pennsylvania Dutch farm. Delicious home cooking; pleasant rooms; saddle horses. $25 weekly.

PROFESSOR J. G. Harrison, Citadel Station, Charleston, S. C., wants to borrow or buy a copy of Mrs. C. N. Williamson's novel "The Newspaper Girl" (Pearson, 1892).

SECRETARY takes dictation English, French, German. Wants extra work evenings or weekends. Box 860-J.

WANTED: Part-time secretary in Philadelphia. Proficient in shorthand and typing. Writing ability, library research experience (technical-economic) would be assets. Box 488-J.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues, 20c.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

BOOKS

BOOKS by and about Walt Whitman. First editions, good books, fine prints. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

RARE COPY Bushnell Memorial, 1899 edition "Story of the Monitor," with correspondence facsimilies; offers considered. Box 861-J.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "Bookplates," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

PERSONALIZED BOOKPLATES. Illustrated list and samples. Joseph G. Bolger, 282 Maple Avenue, Oradell, N. J.

ART SERVICES

PHOTO RETOUCHER, airbrush artist, copies, restores torn, faded snapshots, prints, oil paintings. E. Tave, 17 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

POETRY: Instruction, Correction. No triflers. Anton Romatka, 25 W. 3rd Street, New York 12.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, reasonable, accurate, prompt. Aimee Porter, 1150 Partridge Ave., Beloit, Wis.

BOOK PUBLISHER, interested in full length fiction, non-fiction manuscripts for 1945 publication. Not interested in technical books. Dept. S, House of Field-Doubleday, Inc., 505—5th Ave., N.Y.C.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

LITERARY ASSISTANCE. Criticism, editing, revision, research. Articles, stories, books, theses. Long experience. MARY DOUGLAS, 430 West 119th Street, New York 27.

ORIGINAL SERMONS, SPEECHES, LECTURES, THESES, prepared—also printed sermons, addresses. Criticism, rewriting, ghostwriting of book-length manuscripts, short stories. Fiction Courses. Free circulars. CONTINENTAL WRITERS' AND SPEAKERS' BUREAU, 210 Fifth Avenue. Dept. SR, New York.

ELEANOR KING, agent, books, short stories, plays, all languages. 19 W. 44, New York 18.

WRITERS: Send for free circular L-29, with Unified Sales Plan for placing your work. Otis Adelbert Kline, Literary Agent, Established 1923, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York 17.

WE ARE CONSIDERING adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry by new authors. MOSHER PRESS, 81-89 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crostics Club

NO doubt others besides Edmund Enright, New York City, caught me napping. He wrote: "You must do better on your fractions. Horace Walpole was not Prime Minister, only a fraction of one. His father, Sir Robert Walpole, was the Prime Minister." For which a hearty "Thank You."

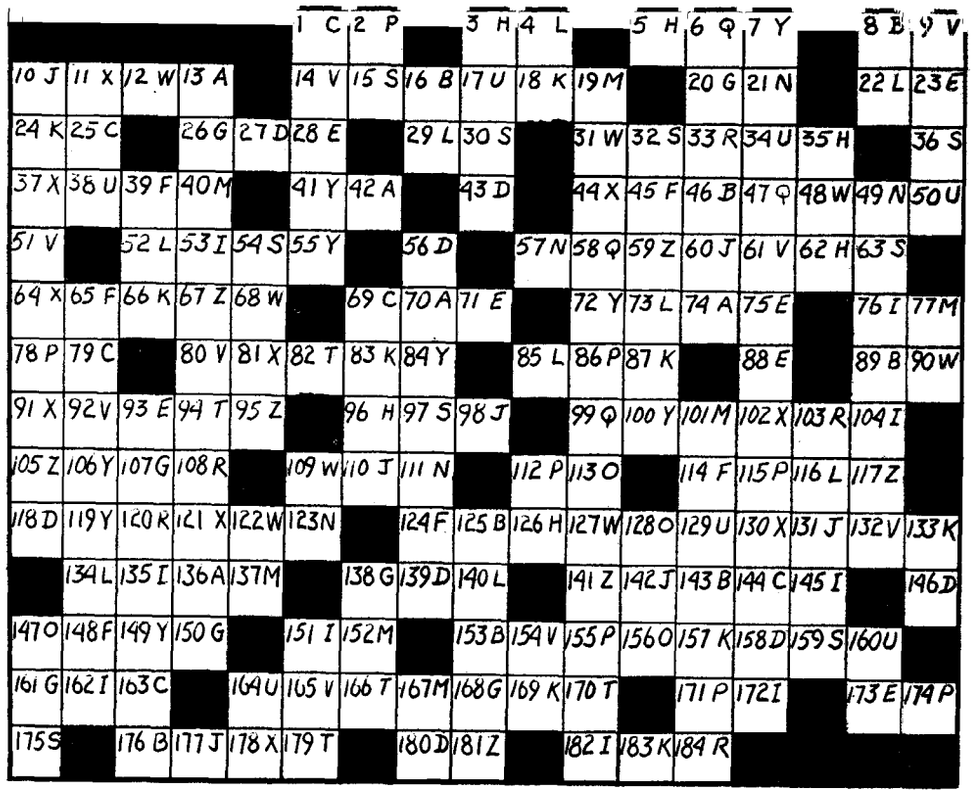
Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Lyman, old friends of DCs, from their Cummington, Mass., summer haunt, rebuke me for the misleading definition of *thigh* as "the femur in insects." "It's like defining *house* as a dwelling of the Eskimos—a definition which suggests *igloo*." I chose that definition deliberately, not to confuse, but to save space, for according to my WNI under *thigh* the femur in man is but the *bone* of the thigh, and *thigh* itself involves a much lengthier definition, whereas in a separate entry *femur as the thigh in insects* is given thus compactly.

In one of the DCs of Series 17 on which I am now working, you will find the word *tane,* and if you look it up you will read that it is one of the principal gods of the Polynesian pantheon. Now I did not select *tane* to mystify you, but it chanced thus: In checking up the puzzle I discovered that I had omitted from the Acrostic a T that belonged in the name of the author. The only way out without dislocating the whole puzzle was to select isolated letters that might be spared from various words. These put together spelled *tane.* It made no sense to me until rescued by WNI as having a valid connotation. In another puzzle of the book I have used the "kew tree" to get rid of a *w* and some excessive *e*'s. Now the kew tree is defined as the *ginkgo,* but, while after *ginkgo* is an elaborate description of that tree, nowhere is *kew tree* mentioned.

"Conscientiously, every Monday afternoon I seat myself in a comfortable chair in the balcony of our Service Club library and proceed to mutilate a copy of *The Saturday Review of Literature* by solving therein the Double-Crostic of the week. Bad library manners, I guess, but it seems to be the only way I can get to do the puzzles. When I get back to civilian life I shall most certainly subscribe to have my own copy to gloat over." Thus, Sgt. Martin Squires from a U. S. Base Unit in the West, and he goes so far as to submit a DC of his own make. Of course I sent him a copy of Series 16 with our good wishes.

Whereas Cpl. Samuel D. Morford, Med. and Psych. Ex Unit, in Texas, tells us that "I've been a fan for years, but paradox of paradoxes, I had to be in the Army before I had sufficient wealth to subscribe to the *SRL* and be able to do them regularly.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 539

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 30 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A thief (from Yiddish).

B. Clear-cut; penetrating.

C. A mode in Greek music, soft and enervating.

D. A male cook (India).

E. The animal and plant life present in soils (Biol.)

F. Country in Europe.

G. A poem by Southey with a Moslem hero—"The Destroyers."

H. Stabbed in the back.

I. A spring festival in China with offerings to the dead, etc.

J. American author and dramatist ("Porgy").

K. To deck with a charlet or wreathe.

L. Island in Bering Sea, Alaska.

M. Finns of central part of the country, broad, thickset, blond.

N. Universal, ideal element in art, etc., as opposed to the transient.

O. Valley in which Essen is located.

P. A metallic element of the aluminum family resembling lead.

Q. Most important of the Hawaiian Islands.

R. A simpleton.

S. To propound; exhibit (2 wds.)

T. Knights of Faerie.

U. Brooks; streamlets.

V. A language devised by Zamenhof in 1887.

W. Downpours as of abuse, words, etc.

X. Tending to restraint or check.

Y. A hard stone, lustrous like the cat's-eye.

Z. Act of humbling one, esp. by retort or reproof (2 wds.)

WORDS

13 136 70 74 42

46 125 89 143 8 16 153 176

79 25 163 1 69 144

158 43 146 56 27 118 139 180

28 71 88 93 23 173 75

45 124 114 39 148 65

138 150 161 107 26 168 20

35 5 3 96 62 126

76 135 151 162 145 182 53 172 104

142 10 177 110 131 98 60

24 66 18 157 83 169 183 87 133

4 134 85 116 22 29 73 140 52

137 167 101 77 152 40 19

49 123 57 111 21

113 156 147 128

2 115 86 155 78 171 174 112

6 47 99 58

184 33 103 120 108

32 97 159 63 36 30 175 54 15

170 94 166 82 179

38 50 34 17 160 164 129

80 51 92 9 61 154 132 14 165

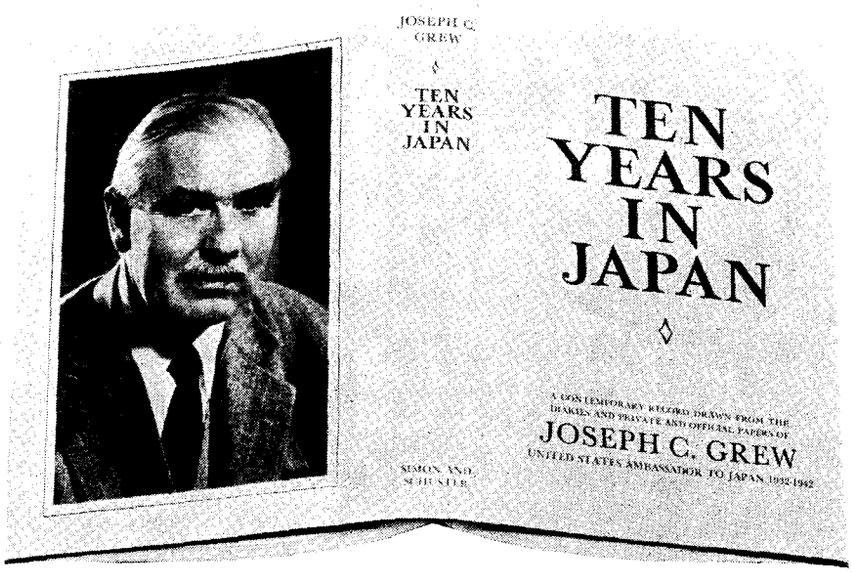
31 122 48 90 127 12 109 68

91 121 64 37 44 102 130 11 81 178

149 55 119 7 41 84 100 106 72

181 95 141 67 105 117 59

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Three reasons why Ambassador Grew's book is continuing on the best-seller lists

TEN YEARS IN JAPAN became a best-seller principally because of the distinction of its author, Joseph C. Grew, our last Ambassador to Tokyo, and because of the importance of the story Mr. Grew had to tell of the ten fateful years preceding Pearl Harbor.

The publishers believe, however, that there are three other key reasons for the book's continued high standing on the nation's best-seller lists. They are:

First, the American public has done a remarkable about-face in its thinking on Japan. Before Pearl Harbor, a person could hardly be found who (a) actually believed that Japan would ever provoke us to war, or (b) doubted that our Navy could have blown the Japanese islands out of the water within a month if the Japs were foolish enough to start a war. We now want to know how we ever could have thought that way, when men like Ambassador Grew were repeatedly warning us that war with Japan had been imminent for more than a decade. We want to know why we were caught unprepared.

Second, to most Americans, the Japanese had always been either a race of mild-mannered, baseball-playing little makers of cheap toys, from whom we had nothing to fear—or else a yellow band of warlike religious fanatics who someday (not in our time, we hoped) would certainly overrun the earth. Ambassador Grew from his long stay and wide acquaintance in Japan has done much to clear up ideas like these; to show us exactly how the Japanese mind works; what the Japanese think of America; to what degree the people as a whole are seduced by the war leaders; how the Japs as a nation differ from us and how they resemble us.

And *third, Ten Years in Japan* is full of straight thinking about Japan's place in the post-war world, and more particularly, its place in a free Asia. For—let's be realistic—a nation of 80,000,000 cannot be wiped off the face of the earth. People are realizing that we are going to have the super-problem of dealing with a nation which will have just lost its first war in over a thousand years. And if a chastened Japan can finally be brought peacefully within the family of nations, it will be the direct result of the diplomatic efforts of men like Joseph C. Grew, and a state of public enlightenment engendered by books like *Ten Years in Japan.*

PRICE $3.75 • SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS • NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED